THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser.
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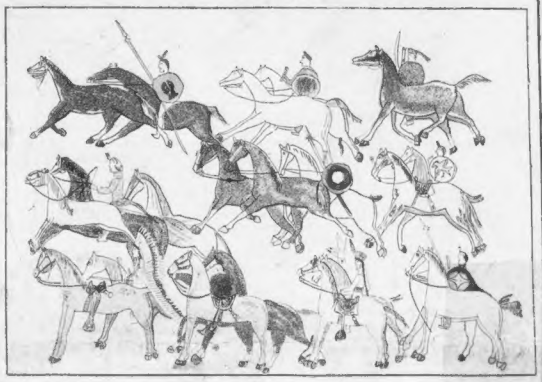
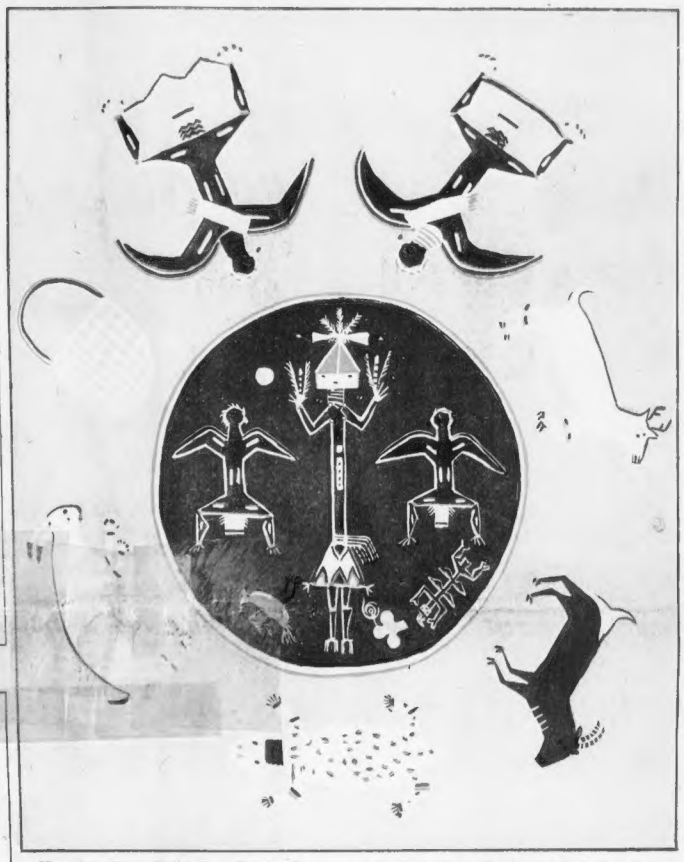
Sunday, June 5, 1932

History and Religion in Indian Art



One of a Long Series of Pictures by Red Horse, the Sioux Chief, Showing All the Details of the Custer Massacre.

The Dead Sioux at the Battle of the Little Bighorn, Drawn by Red Horse, the Sioux Chief.



Mysterious Navajo Indian Sand Painting Representing the Eagle Chant, Showing the Eagle Nest, the Hero of the Story and Parent Eagles Bringing Food.

IT IS now being proved that the American Indian was not a crude savage, but a man with various degrees of culture, which in some places reached heights comparable to that of ancient Greece.

In many localities his culture deteriorated, but even today there are considerable remains of it. The Indian possessed pictorial art, music and literature. On this page are shown two widely different types of American Indian art. One form consists of remarkable sand paintings by the Navajo Indians. The other is shown in some selections from a long series of drawings by a Sioux Indian representing the Sioux defeat of General Custer on the Little Bighorn River, generally known as "the Custer Massacre."

The Navajo paintings tell certain stories from their very complicated and mysterious religion, while the Sioux pictures represent an event of modern American history with a fair degree of realism and accuracy, as the United States Bureau of Ethnology states. In both cases there is a high development of artistic skill and taste. The truth is that a very small percentage of white men could make pictures as good as these.

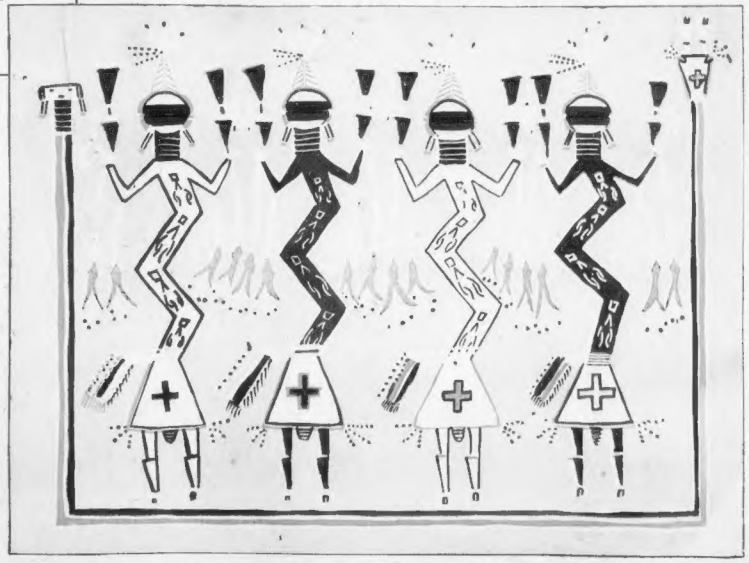
The Navajo pictures were obtained by Mrs. Laura Adams Armer, an artist, who lived for a long time among the Indians and painted their myths. She won their confidence and persuaded a shaman, or medicine man, to make some sand paintings for her. He consented on condition that a certain sacred proceeding should be omitted. The shaman is a combination of poet, physician and priest.

One of the most interesting of these pictures represents the Eagle Chant. The circular figure is the eagle nest, with two young eagles and the hero of the story. Outside, the parent eagles are arriving with lunch bags. Eagle food is represented by the deer, the mountain sheep, the prairie dog and the goat.

Another painting represents the Water Chant. The Rattlesnake People are dancing with turkey wands. The ornaments hanging from their arms are otter skins. The marks on their bodies stand for a house, a fawn's track and the Summer and Winter moons. They are surrounded by the rainbow goddess.

In the colors used white represents the east, blue the south, yellow the west and black the north. These colors are chosen very appropriately. Blue is associated with the south, from which come the gentle warm winds and where the blue sky is frequently seen. Yellow is the heated, vigorous light and glowing sky of the setting sun. Black is the ominous region of change, the storm centre and the birthplace of the storm cloud. When the deities portrayed are in the lower regions, black is used for the east and white is changed to the north.

The sand pictures are usually surrounded on three sides by a strangely colored rainbow deity, whose feet are often encased in high deerskin boots. The artists get their colors from red, yellow and white sandstone and sometimes gypsum. The best black comes from the charcoal of the pinon tree. For blue they use powdered turquoise. The pictures are drawn by a group of artists working under the orders of the shaman. The lines of the drawing are not made by brush or pencil, but by the flowing of fine powder from the clasped thumb and the two forefingers.



Another Navajo Sand Painting Showing the Water Chant, with the Rattlesnake People Dancing with Turkey Wands.

Man's First Statues of Himself

Drawing of a Crudely Sculptured Likeness of Primitive Man at the Mouth of One of the Most Ancient Tombs in the World.

A Bronze-Age Portrait With a Curious Facial Expression. The Statue Shows That the Model Carried a Stone Hatchet.

Below: A Bronze-Age Statue With an Individual Touch. The Countenance Is Well-Defined, Which Proves to Science That it Was Intended as a Definite Likeness of Somebody.

A Heroic Attempt By Early Man to Make a Monument. This Extraordinarily Large Sculpture, Showing Only a Head, Indicates That Even in the Bronze Age, People Thought About Memorials.

Left, A Man Without Weapons, and a Jolly - Looking Chap, Too. But This Primitive Carving Evidently Was Touched Up Before Being Placed in the Italian Collection.

SEVERAL crude stone figures which archeologists have unearthed in Northern Italy, in France and on the island of Corsica, indicate that the art of sculpture dates back at least 5,000 years before the earliest known carvings of the ancient Egyptians. Just how old these primitive statues are never will be known, because there is no definite way of dating them, but scientists are convinced that some of them are the work of men who lived in the Neolithic or New Stone Age, which, in Europe, began between 10,000 and 12,000 years ago. One or two of the figures give the appearance, because of the weapons shown in the hands of the "models" of having been hewn during the Bronze Age, which, in Europe, goes back to about 3,000 B. C.

A drawing of the oldest of what probably are man's first statues of himself — shown at the extreme upper left — reveals the simplicity that marked the earliest efforts of the human race to express itself artistically in three-dimensional forms. This statue really is nothing more ambitious than a roughly hewn cubical block of stone which was used to close a prehistoric tomb in the mountains of Southwestern France. But the figure obviously is intended to represent a human being. There are the eyes, the nose, the mouth. Even the arms and hands are carved in the rough surface of the rock.

The photograph beside this shows another prehistoric sculptured work which, crude as it is, reveals a marked improvement over the job that some ancient artist did in France. In this statue the proportions of the face are better. The nose is longer and the eyes are more accurately placed. The arms, too, are more sharply brought out. In the right hand of the figure is a weapon representing either a stone or a bronze hatchet.

A similar weapon can be seen in the hand of the figure shown in the center of the page. This sculpture, considered by the archeologists to be a remarkable piece of work for the time in which it was done, is the most artistic of all the primitive statues.

At the time this was done, by some Praxiteles who probably died centuries before the Greek master was born, the human figure in stone had progressed to a point where the legs as well as the arms were shown in strong relief. The two hands across the stone may mark the waistline and a belt, or they may represent the hem of a garment covering the upper part of the body. Another interesting feature of this statue is its right hand, in which two weapons are shown. Whether these are arrows or an ancient form of dagger is a question that remains to be answered.

The other figure pictured at the left is, the archeologists say, too good to be true. The eyes and mouth, they say, have been touched up by some thoughtless modern meddler who came across the valuable relic before the men of science did. This statue was found in Italy and has a curious sphynx-like appearance because of the headpiece that covers the top and sides of the face.

At the extreme upper right of the page is a photograph of a head, assumed to be the work of some Bronze Age creator in stone. Perhaps this is one of the first "busts" ever made, because it is the only one of the primitive works of art that does not represent at least half the human figure.

A chemical analysis of the soil from which one of these statues was taken in Italy revealed that humans had been buried there, and it may be that the figure was a monument to mark some prehistoric grave.

The Photograph That Won a $1000 Prize

BERLIN.

ONE night, Herr Badekow, whose skill as a photographer has made him famous all over Europe, dropped into a revue being staged at a theatre, not far from his studio. He had been working hard all day developing and printing the camera studies which he intended to enter in the annual Berlin Photographic Exhibition, and he sought relaxation.

Near the end of the first act of the show there was a skit in which a young woman named Anny Ondra played the part of a wife who was telephoning a gentleman acquaintance when her husband, supposedly out of town, suddenly burst onto the scene. Anny, playing the role of surprised and frightened spouse, went wide-eyed and mute.

The audience guffawed with laughter at her staring eyes and her open mouth.

Herr Badekow laughed, too, but while he was enjoying the actress's facial contortions he was thinking what a striking and amusing portrait study her face would make. Perhaps such a picture would not win a prize at the exhibition, but it certainly would attract attention and it might, by its difference from the usual photographs submitted, get honorable mention.

At the end of the revue, the photographer asked the manager if he might speak with Fraulein Ondra and explained why he wished to see the comedienne. The manager took Herr Badekow to the young woman's dressing room and she willingly agreed to pose.

The photographer had, he said, noted the rather childlike expression of the actress's face during the big moment of her skit and he proposed to put a ribbon on her hair and "shoot" her as a little girl surprised by someone when she was in the act of making a forbidden telephone call.

The photograph at the left is the best of several that he made in his studio, and the one that he included among the pictures he entered in the exhibition. He called it "Discovered"—and the committee of judges unanimously called it the best photograph in the entire display of several thousand camera studies.

Herr Badekow earned a check for $1000 for the inspiration he had while he was seeking relaxation at the theatre and, because the picture was reprinted in newspapers and magazines all over Europe, Fraulein Ondra received many offers to play comedy roles in the movies.

"Discovered" Is the Title of This Photograph Posed by Miss Anny Ondra, of Berlin and Taken By Herr Badekow, Photographer, Who Won First Prize of $1000 at a Recent Exhibition.

The Most Agile Creature in the London Zoo, is This Newly-Acquired Snow Leopard, Which Possesses the Longest Tail Ever Noted on Such an Animal.

Acrobat of the Zoo

THE cages of the London Zoo house a strange array of animals ranging from the diminutive Guinea Pig to the long-necked giraffe, but among all these creatures there is none with so much cat-like agility and speed as the institution's newly acquired Snow Leopard.

This savage and short-tempered fellow, who was captured on the cold and windswept heights of the Tibetan Plateau, is the first of his kind to be brought to Europe in many years and he is a perfect specimen.

In his pen there is a tree, one branch of which is about twelve feet above ground. When the leopard—who has been nicknamed Snowball—feels the need of exercise he crouches low on the floor of his pen and with a graceful spring lands lightly on this limb.

Sometimes he runs up the trunk of the tree and drops from this limb back to the ground. He lands on his cushioned paws without any noticeable shock to his body.

Big game hunters who have stalked the rare creature in his habitat on the western edge of the Himalaya Mountains say that a full-grown Snow Leopard can, when running at top speed, make a horizontal leap of more than thirty feet and can spring as high as fifteen feet above the ground.

The most remarkable feature of Snowball is his long tail, which he uses as a sort of balancer and which is several inches longer than his body.

Fairy-Tale Sculpture for Poet's Favorite Port

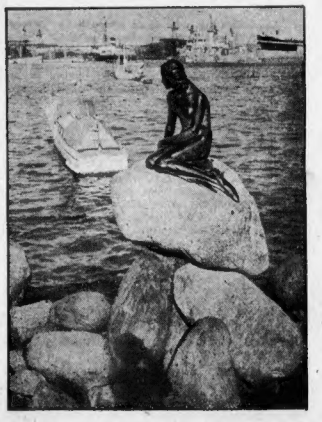
PASSENGERS aboard ships coming into the harbor of the Danish capital and people strolling along the promenade that skirts the waterfront always are attracted by what appears to be the figure of a beautiful, sun-bronzed young girl sitting atop a boulder and gazing out over the blue water.

This figure is a memorial to Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish poet who is best known for the many beautiful and imaginative fairy tales he wrote during his unhappy life. It is his "Mermaid" the heroine of one of his most fantastic and widely read fables.

The mermaid, one of the six beautiful daughters of the Sea King, fell in love with a Danish prince whose life she saved when a ship on which he was traveling was wrecked in a storm. So deep was the love of the fish maiden for the Prince, that she begged a wicked old witch living on the ocean bottom to let her leave the realm of the waters and take human form.

This wish was granted with the warning that if the Prince failed to marry the mermaid-come-human she would not be allowed to go back to her home beneath the waves, but would dissolve into a patch of foam.

The Prince becomes very fond of the beautiful mermaid changed into human form, but he marries the princess of a neighboring state and the luckless daughter of the Sea King is changed, by the terms of her bargain with the witch, into a patch of foam. The fable has what amounts to a happy ending, however, because the sisters of the mermaid sacrifice their hair to the old witch and the mermaid turned into a bit of floating froth is permitted to become a spirit of the air with the chance of some day acquiring a soul and residing in Heaven.



"Mermaid," the Beautiful Bronze Statue Just Erected in the Port of Copenhagen to Immortalize the Name of Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish Writer of Fairy Tales.

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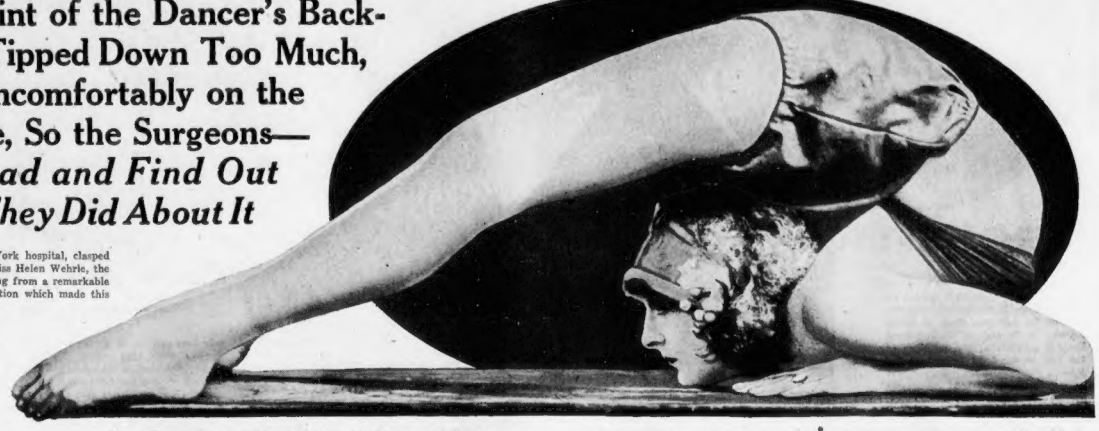
How They Fixed Up Helen Wehrle's Twisted Spine

The Last Joint of the Dancer's Backbone Was Tipped Down Too Much, Resting Uncomfortably on the Pelvic Bone, So the Surgeons—*Well, Read and Find Out What They Did About It*



FLAT on her back in a New York hospital, clasped tightly in a steel brace, lies Miss Helen Wehrle, the stage dancer. She is recovering from a remarkable operation on her spine. The condition which made this operation necessary was a curious malformation of the spinal column. A similar condition is sometimes found in horses, and, when it is, the horse is said to be sway-backed. This simply means that the horse's spine is curved more than it should be.

In Miss Wehrle's case, an interesting surgical operation has been performed to correct the malformation by joining together two of the spinal segments. Small pieces of bone were chipped out of her back and then packed over the faulty joint. It is believed that these chips of living bone are now growing onto the segments, fusing them solidly, so that there will be only one bone where previously there had been two.

About five years ago Helen first noticed that something was wrong with her back. She was in Paris at the time, dancing in the All-American Les Ambassadeurs Revue. One night she bent over backwards in the course of one of her acrobatic dances and felt a sharp pain. For several days the pain came and went intermittently. She thought she had caught a cold in her back and tried various kinds of local treatment, massage and sunlamps. They seemed to help at first and so she moved on to Berlin to fill an engagement there.

Several months later the pain returned, sharper and more insistent than before. It became hard for her to dance at all, and she consulted one doctor after another. None of them could do more than advise her to stop dancing, rest and build herself up. She felt that they really didn't know what was wrong and she tried to hearten herself with the thought that whatever it was, time would cure it. Meanwhile she continued to dance, soothing herself with palliatives when the pain became too intense.

Returning to New York, she happened to hear of another girl, also a dancer, who had been afflicted with similar pains, and who had finally been cured by means of an operation performed by the surgeons of the Orthopaedic Hospital in New York. Miss Wehrle went to the Orthopaedic, had herself X-rayed, and there for the first time learned what was really the matter with her and what would have to be done to correct it.

Many people, she was told, suffered from a similar condition. Some, as in her case, were born that way; others acquired the malformation through an accident, such as a fall or a blow; still others, as the result of a bone disease. Many go through life without ever becoming aware that their spines are misshapen; others experience occasional pain, but not enough to warrant an operation. In only a small minority of cases is the pain sufficient to cause serious trouble. But the strenuous character of Miss Wehrle's acrobatic dances made her condition acute and painful.

The surgeon explained that the only way a permanent cure could be effected was by means of a remarkable operation called "the spine fusion." It might not become absolutely necessary for four, five, or even six years, he said, but in the end she would have to come to it. He advised her to have it done as soon as possible.

But the thought of undergoing such an ordeal, the thought of lying in bed for six or seven weeks, clamped in a steel brace, terrified Miss Wehrle. And it is a very expensive operation. So she decided to postpone it a while longer, determined to keep herself in as good condition as possible and to ease herself over the rough spots with the help of sedatives.

The dancer put off the operation for two years during which time the pains in her back became more and more severe. She lost weight, became very nervous, and began to experience a kind of stage fright at every time she started to dance—not of her audience but because of the pain she knew she would feel. These agonies culminated about a month ago in Chicago with a nervous breakdown and then it was she came to New York, went at once to the Orthopaedic Hospital, and was immediately operated upon.

There are twenty-four separate bones, one on top of the other, which make up the human spine. This column of bones, each of which is called a vertebra, rests on a bone at the hips called the sacrum. The vertebrae of the spine average about the thickness of a package of cigarettes.

If the reader had a couple of dozen packages of cigarettes and stacked one on top of the other and held the pile in his hand it would topple over. But the twenty-four bones of the spine are joined together with a kind of gristle, called cartilage, which both holds them in place and also makes the column flexible.

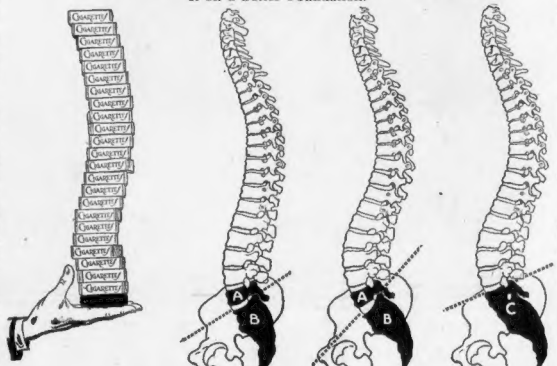
At the bottom of the pile, next to the sacrum, is a large bone called the fifth lumbar vertebra. It is as important, for the security of the whole column, that this bone, the fifth lumbar, should rest firmly on the sacrum, as it is that the bottom package of cigarettes should rest firmly in the palm of the hand. Of course, if it doesn't, the column won't topple over, as would the cigarettes, because the vertebrae composing it are held together by the layers of cartilage. However, the tendency to topple would be present, and instead of rising in a comparatively straight line, the whole structure would be likely to sway in an effort to adjust itself to its insecure foundation.

A man slightly off balance shows the same tendency. In order to retain his upright position he will bend the top part of his body in the opposite direction from that in which he feels himself falling. And this is exactly what happened in the case of Miss Wehrle's spine. Her backbone rested on the sacrum much as a man would stand on the tilted deck of a sailboat, leaning against the tilt, swaying in the effort to stay balanced.

The top of the sacrum should be thought of as a kind of platform located between the large hip bones. Below the surface of the platform the bone tapers off into a rudimentary tail; above the platform and resting on it, rises the column of the spine. It so happens that even in the normal individual this platform is not absolutely level; it has a slight tilt. This is probably the case because Nature did not intend man originally to stand upright on two feet, but rather to rest on all fours like most animals. So the tilt of the platform, as well as the little rudimentary tail under it, are both vestiges of man's prehistoric animal state.

It is probably to the sacral tilt that the normal spine owes its slight curve.

How They Shortened Miss Wehrle's Backbone and Set It on a Better Foundation.

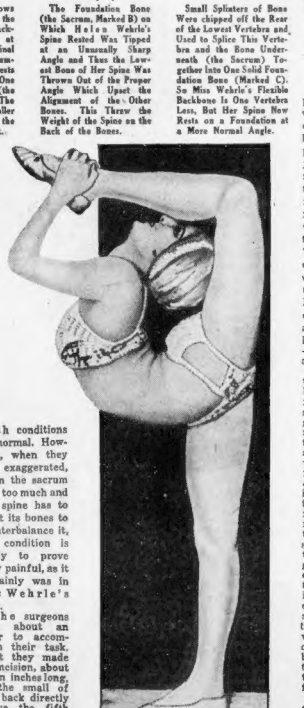


The Human Spine Is Made Up of 24 Bones, Each About the Thickness of a Package of Cigarettes. These Vertebrae Are Joined Together by a Kind of Tough "Gristle" (Cartilage) Which Makes the Backbone Flexible. If the Package at the Bottom of a Column of Cigarettes Is Tipped Out of Line the Whole Bunch Is Upset.

This Diagram Shows the Normal Position of the 24 Vertebrae of the Backbone. The Vertebra at the Bottom of the Spinal Column (Called Fifth Lumbar and Marked A) Rests at a Gentle Angle on One of the Hip Bones (the Sacrum, Marked B). The Other Bones Are Smaller as They Ascend Up to the Vertebrae of the Neck.

The Foundation Bone (the Sacrum, Marked B) on Which Helen Wehrle's Spine Rested Was Tipped at an Unusually Sharp Angle and Thus the Lowest Bone of Her Spine Was Thrown Out of the Proper Angle Which Upset the Alignment of the Other Bones. This Threw the Weight of the Spine on the Back of the Bones.

Small Splinters of Bone Were chipped off the Rear of the Lowest Vertebra and Used to Splice This Vertebra and the Bone Underneath (the Sacrum) Together into One Solid Foundation Bone (Marked C). So Miss Wehrle's Flexible Backbone Is One Vertebra Less, But Her Spine Now Rests on a Foundation at a More Normal Angle.



Another Exacting Pose of Miss Wehrle.

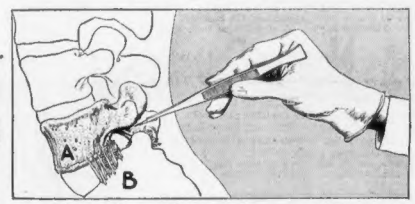
Both conditions are normal. However, when they are exaggerated, when the sacrum tilts too much and the spine has to twist its bones to counterbalance it, the condition is likely to prove very painful, as it certainly was in Miss Wehrle's case.

The surgeons took about an hour to accomplish their task. First they made an incision, about seven inches long, in the small of the back directly above the fifth lumbar vertebra. Then, with instruments shaped like a hammer and chisel, they chipped off anywhere from twenty to fifty small pieces from the overlapping posterior, the "spinous process," of the vertebra. The chips of living bone were then packed over the joint between the fifth lumbar and the platform it rests on (the sacrum), and some were wedged into the cartilages. This done, the disturbed tissues were replaced and the cut sewed up. Miss Wehrle was clamped into a steel brace and laid away in bed—to remain there at least six weeks.

The success of the operation will be known in a few days, when an X-ray photograph will be made to see if the chips of bone, all very thin and varying in length from a fraction of an inch to an inch, have grown together and fused with the fifth lumbar vertebra and the sacrum, joining them solidly together. This will, of course, make the fifth lumbar in reality a part of the sacrum, and as a result the platform upon which the spinal column rests will be, not the top of the sacrum but the top of the fifth lumbar.

The diagrams on this page explain it all. Miss Wehrle's flexible spine is now twenty-three bones in number instead of twenty-four. The bottom vertebra is now the fourth lumbar, and it stands on a platform which is about the normal angle. Thus, by making her fifth lumbar a part of the pedestal upon which the spinal column rests, the surgeons have corrected her difficulty. And it is hoped that, as the result of being able to stand on a normal base, her spinal column will gradually lose its abnormal twist and assume a normal alignment.

With Mallet and Chisel the Surgeon Chipped Several Splinters of Bone (Some an Inch Long) From the "Spinous Process" (Protruding Horn) of the Vertebra (A).



These Splinters of Live Bone Were Then Driven Into the "Gristle" That Connects the Bones and Packed Tightly Against the Vertebra (A) and the Sacrum Bone (B) It Rests On. And After Six Weeks the Two Bones Should Grow Into One Solid Bone. Thus Will Be Formed a New Foundation for the Spine of a More Natural Angle.

The Fifth Lumbar Vertebra. A, Body; B, Vertebral Foramen, Surrounded by Pedicles (C) and the Laminae (D) Forming the Neural Arch; E, the Spinous Process; F, a Transverse Process; G, an Articular Process.

While all this is going on, Miss Wehrle has to lie in bed with a padded strip of steel strapped to her back. She can read, she can receive visitors, she can look at the ceiling, she can listen to a rather worried-sounding radio, and she can hear the constant rumble of New York's traffic. Also she can eat—bone-building foods, milk, fruit, vegetables—none of which she likes. At the end of six weeks, from the date of the operation, she will be X-rayed again and if it appears that her bones are knitting properly she will be allowed to leave the hospital—with the brace still strapped to her spine.

After her second week at home, the brace will finally be removed and she should be able to accomplish such extraordinary feats as walking all the way across a small room. It will be a long time before her muscles, weakened by disuse, recover their elasticity.

Whether she will ever be able to dance again depends entirely on how well her bones grow together. If they grow as both she and the doctors expect them to, she will not only be able to do her famous acrobatic dances, but also a lot of new ones. If they don't she will have to give up stage dancing.

There is one really extraordinary thing about Miss Wehrle, and that is that this spine fusion is actually the second major operation she has submitted to their year. In January, she was legally amputated from her husband, and that operation was—in its way—just as remarkable and interesting as the present one.

The divorce was one of the first granted under the new Mexican quick-law, and as such established a record for speed and efficiency. Just twenty days from the time she had first walked into the office of her American attorney, a copy of the final decree was in Miss Wehrle's hands. It had arrived by air-mail. Neither husband nor wife had had to make any effort other than that involved in the signing of papers. They hadn't even had to leave their respective homes.

Miss Helen Wehrle, Well-known Stage Dancer, in One of Her Acrobatic Dances Which Requires an Excellent Spine in Good Working Order.

When Miss Wehrle married him, Arthur Quenzer was a saxophone player who seemed destined to become a famous song writer; when she left him finally, he was just a saxophone player.

It appeared at first that the groom was on the road to a quick success, and the bride determined to subordinate her career to his. With the vogue for musical movies still holding, 1929 was a boom year for musicians and song writers. And when Irving Aaronson's band got a commission to go to Hollywood, with a handsome contract to play at the Hotel Roosevelt, Quenzer, the band's solo-saxophonist, thought the gods were smiling on him.

The prospects certainly seemed to be excellent. Hollywood was the right place to be, he had plenty of money and plenty of opportunity to meet the right people. Under these circumstances it seemed impossible that his talents should not meet with recognition.

But, unfortunately, something disastrous happened to the world just at that moment, and the Hotel Roosevelt was unable to go on employing such a high-priced orchestra. Irving Aaronson accepted another contract from a Chicago hotel, and when he and his musicians left Hollywood Mr. Quenzer accompanied them with the feeling that he had been through a gold-rush which had turned out to be a false alarm.

As time went on the disillusioned saxophone player began to find his wife's attempts to revive his ambition a little trying. He began to make such remarks as: "After all, I'm making $150 a week. I know a lot of fellows who'd be only too glad to be making $150 a week. A lot of them would be glad to be making half as much."

Which was probably true, but it was not the spirit which had attracted Miss Wehrle in the beginning. And as she watched her husband settling more and more deeply into (as she thought) a rut, she decided that the time had come to strike out once more on her own. Shortly afterwards the divorce was arranged.

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Where a Wife Costs $2000 Or Less

White Indian Girls of the Goajiro Tribe. Their Father Offered Them Both for $3,600, But If Only One Is Purchased, She Would Cost $2,000.

The Holy of Holies of the Kagaba Tribe, Neighbors of the Goajiros. This Is One of the Most Pretentious of the Temples. Stone Praying Seats May Be Seen Outside the Entrance.

WIDE WORLD-PHOTO

These Are Beauties of the Goajiro Clan, With Faces Daubed With Mud to Prevent Sunburn.

THE adventurous members of an American expedition headed by Gregory Mason recently explored part of the northern coast of South America in the hope of finding some tangible evidence of the existence of the half mythical El Dorado of the Spanish Conquistadores. They found no rich treasures of gold, silver and precious stones, but they did come upon the ruins of several long-lost cities and unearthed a wealth of relics of a civilization that was old when the first white man set foot on the shores of the western hemisphere. And, in the course of their wanderings, they learned a great deal about the domains and the customs of two tribes of Colombian Indians—the Kagabas and the Goajiros.

The Kagabas live in the mountains. They are shy and peaceful. Their strain is dying out because they refuse to intermarry with other tribes. The Goajiros, who occupy the coastal lowlands, are as fierce as their neighbors are peaceful.

In the Goajiro country a man may have as many wives as he can buy. The standard price for a wife is $2,000, but only the prosperous members of the tribe can afford to pay that much for a mate, and the poorer Indians manage to acquire a wife or two at marked-down prices.

Wealth among the Goajiros is based on the number of head of horses and cattle that a man owns. The men buy wives as openly, and in much the same manner as they buy livestock. And a wife, in the social scheme, is little better than a horse, or a cow. She is not really a mate; she's an economic asset who spends her life working for her husband. Judged by civilized standards, she's not even married to the man who buys her, for there's no wedding ceremony and no exchange of vows.

There is, however, one bright feature about the lot of wives in this strange country — every wife has a house to herself and does not have to live in the company of all the other spouses of the husband.

A complicated caste system prevails among these people, and the social order is most undemocratic. A man in the lower and poorer castes cannot marry a woman in the next higher social bracket. He must stick to his class. The same rule is enforced among the women. The rich marry the rich and the poor marry the poor. The Goajiros never have heard of the economic scheme of so-called "rugged individualism" which is said to be operative in this country.

The Kagabas, brown-skinned neighbors of the Goajiros, have much in common with the tribe in which wives are bartered for. They, too, go in for polygamy and the wives are forced to do most of the hard work of the community, but the Kagaba wives are real partners of their husbands and actually share in any prosperity that comes to the men—largely through the efforts of the womenfolk.

By ancient tradition a Kagaba wife never enters the house of her spouse, and he never crosses the door-sill of her abode. Such love-making as they go in for is carried on in the fields in which they work side by side. If they dared to break this curious custom they would invite the wrath of their priests who are looked upon as gods when they dress up in their tribal masks and regalia.

ACME-PHOTO

The Mama or Shaman of the Kagabas, Who Believe That When the Holy Man Wears a Mask and Beats a Drum He Becomes a God.

Miss Cilly Feindt, German Beauty, With Her Canine Pet. Together They Won First Prize in a Berlin Contest, the Rules of Which Provided That Judgment on the Entrants Be Passed on Animal and Owner as a Combination.

Pet Dogs Now a Part of German Beauty Contests

BERLIN.

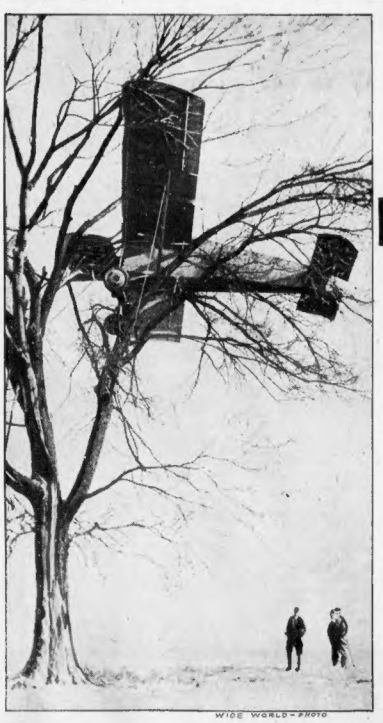
JUST when it seemed that Europe was running short of ideas for new kinds of beauty contests, a German promoter blossomed out with a scheme which he thought would interestingly complicate the business of rounding up and paying public tribute to feminine good looks.

Why not, he suggested, stage a mistress-and-dog pageant of pulchritude, in which the judges would be required to pass upon the attractiveness of the woman and the dog, as a team? In other words, take the sum of their good looks instead of passing on the woman as a beauty and the dog as a fine specimen of his breed.

In a way, this odd beauty contest was a combination of the usual competition of its kind, plus a dog show. So the promoters wisely formed their committee of judges of artists, sculptors, photographers—and experts in the realm of dogdom. They procured the services of two of the best dog show judges in Berlin whose job it was to concentrate on the dogs and leave the appraisal of the mistresses to those with more experience at passing on feminine loveliness.

The judges did not anticipate much trouble in selecting the best team of woman and dog, but they found that their job was much more difficult than judging women and dogs separately. The artists and sculptors were all for awarding the first prize to a charming blonde holding a dog that seemed to the dog men to be considerable of a "mutt." And the experts on what constitutes a good-looking dog were inclined to cast their votes for a brunette, who was only passably good-looking to the artists and sculptors, and who held in her lap a well-groomed thoroughbred dog.

After much discussion the judges, as a group, arrived at a happy compromise. They agreed that, as a team, Miss Cilly Feindt and her dog "Ardwick Lass" were outstanding among the more than 60 entrants—30 of them pampered pets.



WIDE WORLD-PHOTO

Happy Landing. The End of a Flight Near Vincennes, Indiana, When the Motor of the Plane Stalled and the Pilot Steered for an Open Field. But the Wind Was Against Him and Headed the Plane for This Lone Tree. The Plane Landed Gently in the Branches Without Damage, and the Pilot Was Thus Saved, Probably From Death.

Britain's Loss—

SOME weeks ago English ornithologists were shocked at the report that Baron Walter Rothschild, because of the effect of the depression on his supposedly fabulous income, had decided to sell his world-famous collection of stuffed birds to an American collector.

In the first place, they could not believe that the Baron was in sufficient financial trouble to let go of the valuable collection of rare specimens which he had collected over a period of forty years, and in the second place they could not imagine the patriotic financier disposing of his collection anywhere except the British Museum, of which he is a director.

But the report turned out to be true. The collection—which comprises some 200,000 birds, many of them rare species and some of them lifelike models of extinct birds—has been disposed of to the American Museum of Natural History, which already boasts a famous collection of such creatures.

The pictures at the right show two of the most valuable specimens that will come to America within the next few months. No one alive today ever has looked on living relatives of these birds because the Great Auk and the Dodo have gone down into the limbo of extinct creatures with many other creatures that lost out in the never-ending battle for the survival of the fittest.

A mere listing of the birds which Baron Rothschild has seen fit to sell would fill a large book and the birds themselves will require many spacious rooms. The delicate job of crating the birds for shipment overseas already has begun and will require many months, because each specimen must be packed in such a way that its value as an exhibition piece and as an object of study for ornithologists will not be lessened by breakage.

You'll Never See These Birds, Because No Man Now Living Ever Has. They Are (Top) the Great Auk and (Bottom) the Dodo Bird, Extinct Before Civilization Began. The Reconstructed Likenesses Were Made by Scientists and Are Part of the Collection of Lord Rothschild, Which Is Coming to America.

America Gets Rothschild Museum

British scientists are bewailing the fact that so important a collection has been lost to England because of the financial reverses of a man who has given the best years of his life to collecting and preserving specimens of animal life from all parts of the world. American ornithologists, while they sympathize with their fellow naturalists across the sea, are much excited over the fact that the contents of the Rothschild Museum are coming to New York's Museum of Natural History, because the collection includes several thousand birds from Northern Europe, birds in which the present American collection is weak.

On the other hand, the Rothschild specimens include few rare and important South American birds, of which the Museum of Natural History has perhaps the finest collection in the world.

Few Englishmen have criticized Baron Rothschild for selling his private treasure house of birds to America. They know that he must need the money, or he never would let the hard-won contents of his zoological museum go. They also know that the British Museum has one of the finest bird collections in the world and that the Baron undoubtedly got many thousands of dollars more for his possessions in this country than he could have in England, or from any of the European museums.

The price paid by the American Museum of Natural History for its new acquisitions has not been announced either here or in England, but it is assumed that Baron Rothschild would not, under any circumstances, sell his specimens for less than a quarter of a million dollars.

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Distressing Happenings Since Caruso Died

Disputes and Litigation in the Courts, the Widow Marries Again, but Is Soon Divorced, and Daughter Gloria Is Given Four Guardians

Receiving Inspiration From His Pianola—Sketch Made by Caruso Himself. From Caricature by Enrico Caruso by Permission of La Follia di New York.

Caruso Looking Long and Admiringly at His Baby, Gloria.

CARUSO, the world's greatest opera singer, has been in his grave ten years, and in that time many strange things have happened to his estate and those who were dear to him.

The famous tenor married only once, Dorothy Park Benjamin, his widow, and there was the little daughter Gloria. But hardly had Caruso been laid in his tomb when the world became aware of the fact that there were two young men whom the great tenor had recognized as his sons—Rodolpho and Enrico, Jr. These fully grown young men arrived in New York accompanied by the singer's brother, Giovanni Caruso, who wanted to see how much property there was over here.

Caruso died an Italian citizen, and he left a will, but it was an old one, made prior to the birth of his daughter. So the Italian courts took charge of things, there was a Caruso family conference, and the tenor's fortune was divided into eighths—four-eighths to baby Gloria and one-eighth each to the widow, the brother and the two natural sons. Under Italian law the legitimate daughter was entitled to more than the two sons born out of wedlock, though Caruso had taken action in the courts of Milan to recognize his sons and give them his name. But while Caruso died an Italian in Italy, much of his estate was in the United States, so the American courts also sat in on the matter and a dispute at once began.

Caruso in His Last Sleep in His Mausoleum in the Cemetery at Naples Which Is Visited by Thousands of Tourists Each Year.

There were troubles of various kinds. Little Gloria had three guardians at law—one in Italy, one in New York, one in New Jersey—and also a fourth guardian, Mrs. Caruso, who is the child's general guardian and also administratrix of her husband's estate. This was a complicated situation and caused difficulties.

Once Mrs. Caruso, or her attorneys, forgot to make the annual accounting which the law requires and she was removed as general guardian by order of a New York court. This kink was ironed out when the report was properly made and she was reinstated. But there was trouble between the Italian courts and the courts of New Jersey—a question of whether the Italian judges had jurisdiction over here—then trouble between the Italian courts and the New York lawyers. And when Mrs. Caruso asked permission to use more of Gloria's income for the proper maintenance of Gloria, the child's New Jersey guardian objected. And now Gloria's New York guardian wants to know why Mrs. Caruso, her general guardian and administratrix of the estate, disbursed this and that sum from the New York estate when the Italian courts ordered her to.

Caruso's Widow, Who Was Miss Dorothy Benjamin. After the Death of the Great Opera Star She Married Again, but Her Second Matrimonial Adventure Was Terminated by Divorce.

All in all, a pretty busy ten years for Caruso's widow—but she has found time, just the same, to get married again, unhappily, to get divorced, to become engaged a third time, and to encounter sundry legal troubles over that romance, too.

Mrs. Caruso was disinherited by her father, the wealthy Park Benjamin of New York, partly because she married the celebrated tenor. The wedding occurred on August 20, 1918, when Caruso was forty-five and she was twenty years his junior. Her father, descendant of a distinguished American family, did not welcome the singer as his son-in-law, would not receive him, and at the time of his death four years later had never been reconciled to the match. In his will he cut off Dorothy and his other four children with one dollar each, leaving an estate estimated at nearly $400,000 to his adopted daughter, Anna Bolchi Benjamin, and denouncing his children for what he termed their unfilial conduct. Dorothy's brothers and sisters had defended her marriage to Caruso, and this with other troubles led to a complete rift in the Benjamin family. Action was started to contest Park Benjamin's will, but the contest later was settled out of court.

Caruso and his wife were twice married, a second ceremony being performed with Roman Catholic rites a year following the first, after Mrs. Caruso had been received into that faith. Gloria Caruso was born in 1919.

It Was in the Part of "Samson," When the Famous Tenor Pulled Down the Pillars of the Temple, That Caruso Received the Injuries Which Finally Led to His Death.

The celebrated tenor died in Naples, Italy, on August 2, 1921, after an illness of several months. He left a will dated January 4, 1919, which was prior to the date of his daughter's birth, and naturally it did not mention Gloria. After provision for his widow, this will left his estate to his brother Giovanni and his grown-up sons in equal shares, charging them with the support of his stepmother, Maria Castalda. Following a family conference and certain litigation in the Italian courts, a compromise settlement was reached, whereby the child Gloria was to receive one-half of her father's estate and the other half was to be divided equally between her mother, her father's brother and the two Caruso boys.

While the opera star's admirers and the public generally were rather surprised to find out that Caruso had two grown sons, although he had never been married when they were born, yet Caruso's widow knew something about them. In her book, "Wings of Song," which she wrote soon after the death of her distinguished husband, she says this:

"He told me, with some hesitation, about his two sons. I think he realized that the knowledge of that part of his life might turn me against him. But instead I only admired and respected him the more, and had only sympathy for the love he had lavished so freely for those young days that had later brought him so much sorrow. He had not been able to legalize his early marriage, but when his sons were born he hastened to recognize them in the courts of Milan and to give them a name."

Just what Mrs. Caruso means by this queer jumble of words, "he had not been able to legalize his early marriage," is not clear. Either it was a marriage or it was not a marriage—and why was there any reason to prevent the tenor's making the marriage legal if there had been any marriage at all?

But Caruso's private secretary has revealed the name of the mother of the children—Ada Giachetti, an Italian singer. Caruso set up a home for her and their relationship continued for eleven years. She left Caruso and on one occasion turned up in New York and demanded money, which the tenor paid her. Later on she brought suit against Caruso in Italy, and he continued sending her money up to the time of his death.

Mrs. Dorothy Park Benjamin Caruso remarried two years after the singer died, her second husband being Captain Ernest Ingram, a wealthy Scot whom she had met at the Lido resort in Italy. Their friendship had developed while Captain Ingram was teaching Mrs. Caruso how to become a better swimmer. Her second marriage ended unhappily, however, for she and Captain Ingram were divorced in Paris in 1924. There is a child, Jacqueline Ingram, who lives with her mother and Gloria at Cannes, on the French Riviera.

Latest Picture of Miss Gloria Caruso, Who Is Now an Attractive Child of Twelve Years.

Two years after the divorce there were presistent rumors that Mrs. Dorothy Park Benjamin Caruso Ingram was to marry Alexander P. Moore, Pittsburgh newspaper publisher, former ambassador to Spain, and perhaps still better known as the one-time husband of Lillian Russell. The wedding never took place, but when Moore died he left Mrs. Ingram a bequest of $25,000 and a ring which once had belonged to the famous comedienne who had been his wife, and this started trouble.

Lillian Russell's daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Russell Calvit, brought suit to recover this ring, declaring that her mother really had left it to her and it had been in Moore's possession merely for safe keeping. But Mrs. Caruso Ingram defended her right to wear it by declaring that Moore had given it to her as an engagement ring, and later when the engagement was broken off he had told her that he wished her to keep it, just the same.

Meantime, in addition to court and marital troubles, there were money troubles, occasioned by Mrs. Caruso Ingram's desire to support her daughter Gloria "in the style to which she is accustomed and to which she is entitled in view of the estate left by her father and the share of which will eventually fall to her."

In 1927 she disclosed to the courts of New Jersey, where the bulk of Caruso's American estate resides in the form of phonograph royalties, that she was badly in need of $33,500 a year of Gloria's income in order to rear the child properly. The mother set forth that her own income, mostly from gifts made to her by her husband before he died, was only $9,000 a year, that the special expenses of Gloria Caruso amounted to $13,300 a year, and that it cost an additional $29,200 for her, Gloria and her other daughter, Jacqueline Ingram, to live. The Italian courts, she pointed out, had directed that Gloria must spend at least four months of each year in Italy, and the approximate cost of this annual trip was $4,000.

Gloria's New Jersey guardian opposed the application and said the child's mother should be required to give an accounting of the money she had spent on the child before additional sums were paid her from Gloria's estate. The following list of Gloria's special expenses each year was then itemized as follows:

Nurse	$1,500
School	600
French and Italian lessons	1,100
Music lessons	500
Dancing lessons	100
Medical attention	500
Clothing	5,000
Trip to Italy	4,000
Total	$13,300

But these expenses weren't the half of it. There was another list setting forth Mrs. Caruso Ingram's "necessary" living expenses, which included maintenance of Gloria and her other daughter, Jacqueline Ingram.

Apartment rent	$6,000
Servants	4,500
Insurance	500
Lights, phone, sundries	2,000
Food	7,200
Clothing	5,000
Automobile	4,000
Total	$29,200

She subtracted from this total her own yearly income of $9,000 and charged the remaining $20,200 up to Gloria. To this amount she added the special expenses of Gloria ($13,300) and arrived at the grand total of $33,500 which she asked the court to allow her annually out of Gloria's income in order to help her make ends meet.

The New Jersey court declined to give the child's mother the $33,500 asked, but did grant her $12,000 a year out of Gloria's money.

When Caruso died he had certain personal property in New York valued at $295,000, but inheritance taxes, claims, disbursements to heirs and other costs have cut it down to about $33,000. And of this $33,000 remainder the New York guardian of Gloria recently complained that Caruso's widow had paid out $18,000 to Caruso's brother Giovanni and one of his sons Rodolpho, and this did not leave enough to assure Gloria of her rightful half. The guardian also objected to payment of attorneys' fees and $10,000 administrative costs charged against the New York estate by order of the Italian courts. His contention is that the New Jersey and Italian estates might pay some of those expenses, too. This dispute has not yet been settled by the New York courts.

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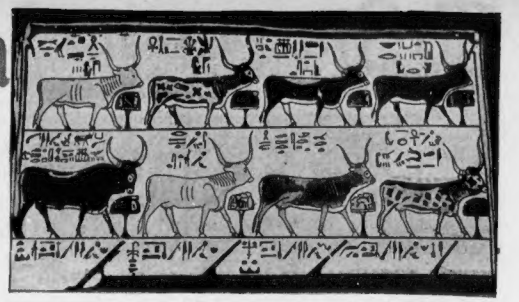
Pharaoh's Famous Dream

And Other Old Testament Narratives Confirmed by the Discoveries in Ancient Egypt of Monuments, Records and Ruins and Which Shed New Light on Bible History



"The Seven Cows of Hathor" (With a Bull) on the Tomb of Queen Nefertari, at Thebes, Shown to Have Been the Five Lean Cows Who Appeared to Pharaoh in the Dream Interpreted by Joseph.

THE scenes of the New Testament and the life and ministry of the Saviour are, of course, chiefly in Palestine, and there is only one important reference to Egypt—when the infant Saviour was taken there to escape of the wrath of Herod. But the personages and places dealt with in the Old Testament are closely tied up with ancient Egypt; there are almost numberless allusions to the relations between the Israelites and the land of the Pharaohs.

While archeologists and Bible scholars have patiently studied the ruins of Palestine and confirmed much of the New Testament narrative, so also Egypt has been considerably explored with a view to locating many of the sites and confirming Old Testament history.

Carving of the Frog-Headed Goddess, Heki, on the Temple at Deir-el-Bahri, Made at the Time Moses Plagued the Egyptians With Frogs, as Described in the Bible.

Abraham, the first of the patriarchs, took refuge in Egypt during the famine in Palestine, and the Book of Genesis describes at length his fears that his handsome wife would attract the attention of Pharaoh. The Egyptians had conquered Palestine before the Israelites wandered into the Promised Land under Joshua, and the authority of the ruling Pharaoh still extended to parts of the Holy Land when Moses led the chosen people across the Red Sea. The Jewish hero, Joseph, was taken to Egypt as a child, and it was there that he became the chief minister of Pharaoh. It was in Egypt that the Jews grew into national consciousness and that the great national leader Moses was born and later on led them out of captivity.

It would be surprising if the records of Egypt, the most civilized power of the time, did not contain numerous allusions to the struggling little nation that was growing up by its side to exercise a momentous moral influence upon the world. It has been proved that there are many such references among the Egyptian records, and more of them are being brought to light by the industry of Egyptologists. The Hebrews did not, of course, seem as important to the Egyptians as the Egyptians to the Hebrews, and it has consequently been necessary to delve long and deeply into the records of the greater power for references to the weaker one.

In an interesting new book, "The Mirror of Egypt in the Old Testament," Commander Victor L. Trumper, late of the British Navy, Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, has reviewed some of the most important references to the Israelites discovered in modern times on the Egyptian monuments. This hand-book relates how the spade of the archeologist and the learning of the Egyptologist have confirmed some of the most remarkable events in the lives of the Hebrew patriarchs and in Bible history.

Pharaoh's Dream in the Bible Confirmed by Egyptian Records.

One of the most interesting incidents of Joseph's life, the one that insured his promotion to be Pharaoh's chief minister, was his interpretation of the monarch's dream about the seven lean kine eating the seven fat kine. The Egyptian Pharaohs seem to have dreamed quite freely, perhaps on account of their diet, and they always believed that their dreams foretold some important event. The Pharaoh of Joseph's day had a dream in which he saw seven kine or cows "well favored and fat fleshed" come up out of the river. Then he saw seven other lean cows come up and stand by the fat ones, and the seven lean cows ate up the seven fat ones. Then Pharaoh woke up, evidently in a state of great anxiety about this peculiar dream. He sent for all the magicians and sorcerers of Egypt and all the wise men, whom he supported in luxury, and related his dream to them, but they could not interpret it.

The chief butler, who had been the most important person at Pharaoh's court, but had fallen into disgrace, then thought that perhaps the clever young Israelite, Joseph, could interpret the dream. Joseph was in prison, on account of the affair with Potiphar's wife, but so anxious was the butler to have Pharaoh's dream interpreted that he brought him out.

Joseph at once told the King his dream meant that Egypt would have seven years of plenty to be followed by seven of famine. The events happened exactly as the dream foretold, and Joseph, by his foresight, was able to forestall some of the effects of the famine.

Every reader of this page will, of course, remember the Old Testament narrative of Joseph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dream of the cows. But was there any such Pharaoh, was there such a person as Joseph, was there such a dream? And the answer is that archeologists have discovered monuments of ancient Egypt depicting the seven lean cows ,and undoubtedly dating from the reign of the Pharaoh who must have had that dream, and thus by carvings on stone has been preserved , down through the centuries, this confirmation of the Scriptural narrative. They are known as "The Seven Cows of Hathor," and a copy of the graven record as seen on the tomb of Queen Nefertari at Thebes is printed elsewhere on this page.

Readers of the Bible know that one of the acts of oppression which caused the Israelites to rebel against the Egyptians was forcing them to build cities for them and even to make bricks without straw, which was particularly difficult. The Book of Exodus says the Israelites "built for Pharaoh store cities, Pithom and Raamses. And they made their lives bitter with hard service, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field."

Scholars reasoned out that the towns of Pithom and Raamses were store cities on Egypt's eastern frontier in which the Pharaoh kept provisions and material for his army guarding the border. Following this line of research, Professor Naville excavated and identified the city of Pithom. It is the mound known by the modern Egyptians as Tell-el-Maskuta, about twelve miles west of Ismailia. He found there the ruins of a temple of Tum, the Setting Sun, and realized that the Egyptian name, Pa-Tum, was simply, "the house or abode of Tum," of which the Hebrew form was Pithom.

At Pithom there are immense numbers of chambers with extraordinarily thick brick walls, obviously used for the storage of grain and other things. However, the most interesting discovery was that the bricks varied in construction in one place and another, a number of courses being of bricks of almost pure Nile mud, and then other courses made in the usual Egyptian way, that is, mixed with chopped straw or stubble.

The fifth chapter of Exodus says that Pharaoh ordered the people to make bricks without straw, and that they beat the Israelites when they rebelled against this harsh and unnecessary work. The mud of Egypt was not suitable for the making of bricks of a large size, and hence Egyptian bricks are relatively small, and it was found necessary to mix chopped straw and reeds, hair, etc., with the mud in order to bind it together. Bricks made without this stubble or chopped straw would be heavier and much more difficult to work, and would use up more mud than those made with a certain proportion of chopped straw. The Israelites were too intelligent to be willing to do unnecessary work without pay.

Excavations at Pithom of the Bible, the City Where the Israelites Were Forced by the Egyptians to Make Bricks Without Straw.

The old process of brick-making has been retraced by the archeologists in contemporary pictures from ancient times found on the Egyptian tombs and other monuments. These show clearly the kind of bricks that were usually made in Egypt and that the Israelites were justified in rebelling or striking against a harder form of brick-making. It is interesting to reflect that the revolt of the Israelites against this petty tyranny led indirectly to the exodus of the Israelites, the independence of the heroic Jewish nation, and all the stupendous events of world importance connected with it.

The city of Raamses has not been identified as definitely as Pithom, but Professor Flinders Petrie, the noted British archeologist, and others, consider that Tell-Rotab is most probably the site of Raamses. Petrie found there during excavations a temple erected by the Pharaoh Ramses II and a piece of statuary representing this Pharaoh striking a Syrian, as the Egyptian task masters are said in the Bible to have struck the Israelites. This confirms the Biblical statements that the Egyptians beat the Israelites.

The ten plagues of Egypt, inflicted upon the Egyptians for refusing to let the Israelites depart in peace, are among the most dramatic occurrences described in the Bible. Some critics have been inclined to argue that the plagues were, in some cases, exaggerated and others invented in order to give a heroic and impressive history to the Israelite nation. Nevertheless, modern scholars have found ancient Egyptian records confirming in some degree all of the ten plagues.

One of the most peculiar plagues was the second, the plague of frogs. The Bible says that Aaron stretched forth his hand and the frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt. The magicians also brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt, but they could not send them away. Only Moses and Aaron could do this. When they spoke the word, the Bible says, "the frogs died out of the houses, out of the courts, and out of the fields. And they gathered them together in heaps: and the land stank."

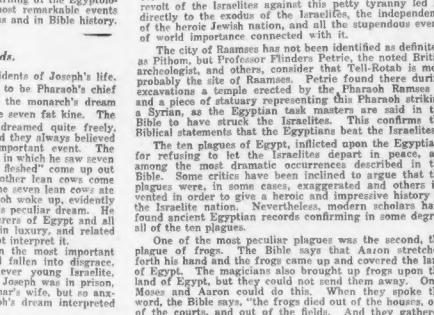
The Egyptian monuments prove that frogs although revered like other animals often became so numerous as to be a pest.

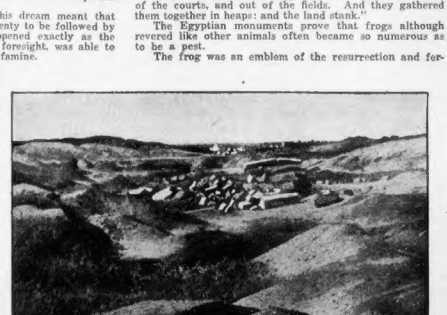
The frog was an emblem of the resurrection and fertility in ancient Egypt, so much so that the goddess Heki, who was the patron of midwives, is generally represented as a woman with a frog's head. A fine carving of this has been found in the Birth Colonnade in the temple of Deir-el-Bahri, where the frog-headed goddess Heki is kneeling before the queen and officiating at the birth of Hatshepsut.

It is said that Heki was also the patron goddess of crocodiles, and there is a representation of her in the Louvre Museum, in Paris, suckling two young crocodiles. The principal food of crocodiles was frogs. According to this, she was supposed to have power over frogs to drive them away.

It appears from the monuments that the harassed Egyptians in the time of Moses, when they found frogs in their beds and kneading troughs, thought that their goddess was overdoing the fertility part of the business and neglecting the power of driving them away, which she was credited with. Although the Egyptian priests were able to imitate this miracle, it was only at the word of Jehovah that they all died or remained in the river.

The attempt of Pharaoh to destroy all the male children of the Hebrews through the midwives is also, in part, explained by inscriptions on the Egyptian monuments. The midwives were left in such entire control at the birth of children that it was often within their power to kill them, or steal them, or do what they pleased. There is a picture of the midwife performing her office for Queen Ahmes in the famous Birth Colonnade of the temple of Deir-el-Bahri. There is a similar picture depicting a family event to Queen Mutemua in the temple of Luxor. These are held to explain why Pharaoh resorted to this method of exterminating the Hebrew.





The Ruins of San, Proved to Be the Ancient Zoan Mentioned in the Psalms, Where Moses Carried on His Struggle With Pharaoh Before Leading the Israelites Into the Wilderness.

The 78th Psalm, celebrates the heroic struggles of the Israelites under Moses in earlier times to obtain their freedom from the Egyptians, and says "Marvelous things did he in the sight of their fathers, in the land of Egypt, in the field of Zoan." Modern research has shown that Zoan was a city used as a capital by some of the Pharaohs and was evidently the residence of Moses while performing some of his miracles by which he overawed the Egyptians. This Bible city has now been fully identified and explored.

Zoan was the capital of the Hyksos Kings of Egypt, who are supposed to have reigned when Joseph lived there and were replaced after him by a native dynasty—"the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph"—in the time of Moses. Zoan was later in Greek times called Tanis, and is now known as San, or San-el-Hagar—"San of the Stones." It is now a miserable place about twenty-five miles west of the station of El Cap on the Sues Canal. Very important Hyksos monuments have been found there, and it is probable that the Pharaohs who ruled Egypt after the Hyksos had been expelled continued to use this as their Summer capital, for it was made agreeable by the northerly breezes from the Mediterranean.

During the controversy between the Pharaoh and Moses, it is likely that the former would need to be near the seat of the trouble, and Zoan, or Tanis, was only about thirty miles north of the land of Goshen, and very much more handy than the other capital city of Egypt, Memphis.

The names of the Pharaoh Rameses II and his son and successor, Merenptah, have been found frequently at Zoan, so there is little doubt that it was at this place that the miracles of Moses were shown before the court. A full account of excavations here by Professor Petrie and others has been published by the Egypt Exploration Fund, and further explorations are now being made.

After Israel had become an independent kingdom, she became involved in difficulties with Egypt at various times. The Book of Kings says that Jeroboam, the Israelite who rebelled against Solomon, fled into Egypt unto Shishak, the king of that country and remained there until the death of Solomon. Several years later "Shiskak, King of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem" and he "took away the treasures of the temple and all the shields of gold which Solomon had made." This marked the break of friendly relations which had existed for many years between the Kings of Israel and Egypt.

Jeroboam as a fugitive at the Egyptian court had ingratiated himself with the Pharaoh, and is said, like Solomon, to have married a daughter of Shishak. When Jeroboam was firmly seated on the throne of the Northern Kingdom of Israel, he deemed it would be good politics to have his southern neighbor—Judah—weakened, and the Pharaoh Shishak was induced to make a profitable raid into the Kingdom of Judah, already weakened by the secession of ten out of the twelve tribes.

The Pharaoh Shishak would have been aware that the treasures of Solomon's palace and temple were still more or less intact, which would be an additional encouragement to embark on an enterprise which promised little risk and much profit. So between the two, Jerusalem was sacked. The Books of Kings and Chronicles both state that Pharaoh took away all, this word including, as Professor Petrie states, not only the golden shields made for the temple by Solomon, but the golden quivers given by David as well.

A record of the loot carried off by the Pharaoh Shishak, also called Sheshank, has been found on the southern wall of the temple at Karnak, in Egypt, near a gateway. The list of captures by the Egyptians includes a cartouche inscribed "Judah Melek," or the "King of Judah," surmounted by a head in profile, obviously Semitic. This is supposed to represent King Rehoboam of Judah, son of Solomon, and is the only contemporary portrait of a Bible character that is known. On the other hand, it may only be a conventional portrait of a Semite representing the population to the northeast of Egypt.

It is interesting to note that on this temple gateway at Karnak are dowelled holes, indicating that sheets of metal, probably gold or electrum, had covered the stones. It is reasonable to believe that this shows where some of the loot went that was gathered from the temple at Jerusalem.

In the tomb of Knemu-Hetep II, a governor of the district around Beni-Hassan, a place on the east bank of the Nile, 167 miles south of Cairo, there is a picture of a tribe of Semites consisting of thirty-seven persons all told, who have come into Egypt to trade. Although its identity has not yet been proved, there is considerable reason to believe that this represents Abraham and his companions, when they went down into Egypt on account of famine, as related in Genesis, Chapter 12. It was on this occasion that Abraham told his wife, Sarah, "who was very fair to look upon," to say that she was his sister, as otherwise Pharaoh or some other high Egyptian might kill Abraham to get him out of the way.

Abraham evidently came to Egypt as an important personage. The Semites in the picture are also shown as people worthy of consideration. They came into the presence of the governor in their best clothes, with music and carrying their arms. They do obeisance, but one has the impression that it is not a servile cringing, but merely the usual courtesy due to the governor of the district. The women are unveiled, and so, obviously, was Sarah, as it is said that Abraham feared her beauty would excite the attention of the Egyptians.

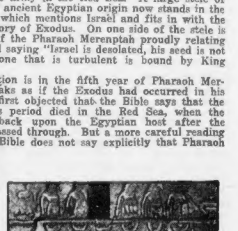
The official who ushers them into the presence of the governor holds out their permit to enter Egypt, giving details as to their number and where they are from, etc., which was doubtless given to them at the frontier, exactly as a modern tourist entering the U. S. A. has to have his passport stamped, though it is quite possible that Abraham did not pay as much for the privilege as passengers are required to do now.

Egyptian Carving Thought to Represent Abraham.

As to the danger to Abraham on account of his good-looking wife, it is explained that a man's lawful wife was regarded as sacred among the Orientals. But if she had no husband, a powerful man might take her. Therefore, a likely thing would have been to remove Abraham from the earth. "He would," says Commander Trumper, "have been invited to a grand banquet at which he would have been given the place of honored guest. After the banquet he would have been seized with violent pains, and would have probably died before morning with or without the aid of the court physician. He would have been given an excellent first-class funeral and Sarah would have been well looked after by the governor until she was invited to pay a visit to the King."

There has long been a discussion as to who was the Pharaoh of the Exodus who oppressed the Israelites and was compelled to let them go by the final disaster that overwhelmed his army in the Red Sea. A large stele of black granite of ancient Egyptian origin now stands in the Cairo Museum, which mentions Israel and fits in with the details of the story of Exodus. On one side of the stele is an inscription of the Pharaoh Merenptah proudly relating his victories and saying "Israel is desolated, his seed is not . Every one that is turbulent is bound by King Merenptah."

This inscription is in the fifth year of Pharaoh Merenptah and speaks as if the Exodus had occurred in his reign. It was first objected that the Bible says that the Pharaoh of this period died in the Red Sea, when the waves flowed back upon the Egyptian host after the Israelites had passed through. But a more careful reading shows that the Bible does not say explicitly that Pharaoh perished then, although it says that he was overthrown. That may simply mean an irreparable military disaster. At the time of the inscription the Israelites were still wandering in the wilderness and Pharaoh had some excuse for boasting that he had triumphed over them.



Inscription Made on the Karnak Temple by the Pharaoh Shishak and Believed to Contain a Portrait of Rehoboam, Son of Solomon.

A curious Biblical episode is that in which Moses and Aaron competed with the Egyptian magicians to see which could perform the most remarkable wonders. Aaron, it is stated, threw down his rod before Pharaoh and it became a serpent. Then the Egyptian sorcerers did the same trick. But Aaron's rod swallowed up their rod. Modern scholars studying the text have decided that the word translated "serpent" in this case really means a crocodile. It would not be surprising if the resourceful Aaron had a stronger, quicker and cleverer crocodile which could swallow the Egyptian crocodile.

The crocodile god, Sebek, was worshiped largely in Egypt and special temples in its honor have been found at Maniufut and Kom Ombo. The crocodile was regarded by the Egyptians as the personification of the powers of evil and death, the prince of all the powers of darkness, and the companion of Typhon. The fact that Aaron's crocodile swallowed up those of the magicians' would, therefore, have had a great effect on all Egyptians present.

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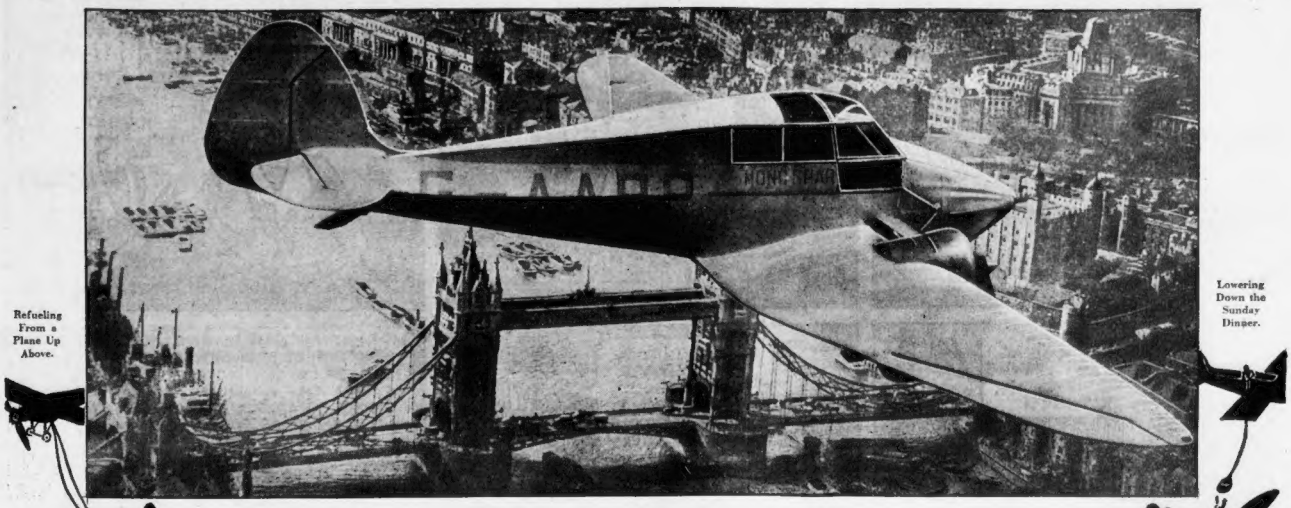
To Stay in the Air a Month, Dodging Storms



Refueling From a Plane Up Above.

Lowering Down the Sunday Dinner.

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce and Her Husband to Fly Around and Around Night and Day Over London Like a Huge Hawk, Taking Turns Steering and Sleeping, Refueling Twice a Day and Having a Nice Hot Course Dinner Lowered to Them on Sundays

LONDON, May 26.

At half-past eight on the morning of June 23, the Honorable Mrs. Victor Bruce, wife of the second brother of Lord Aberdare, will whirl the propeller of her monoplane, step into the cockpit, wave her hand and rise up into the air, and try to stay there for a whole month. Night and day, through sunshine and storm, Mrs. Bruce and her aeroplane will circle about like a huge hawk over the city of London, in the hope of establishing an endurance record never equalled by anyone anywhere in the air.

With Mrs. Bruce will be her husband, but the wife is the captain in command of the flight, while her husband is her assistant and will dutifully obey her orders. They will take turns at the "joy-stick" and in getting their sleep. The machine which will be used is known as a Monospar. It is a new type of aeroplane. Only two have so far been built and the second one is merely in the experimental stage even now. The pair will take off from the Hanworth Aerodrome, Middlesex, about 15 miles from London.

While this adventurous couple expect to circle over London, round and round, hour after hour, night and day, there will be occasional spells of varying the scenery by spending the week-ends over some seaside towns of England.

The plans and organization for this feat of staying a month in the air are of a completeness that almost rivals the staff arrangements of a Field Marshal in war time. The ground staff at Hanworth aerodrome, which will be occupied for a month solely in controlling the movement and arrangements of the monoplane flying above at 10,000 feet, will comprise fifteen people. Two of these are Air Ministry experts who have obtained special leave from their duties in order to act as weather experts for Mrs. Bruce. Then there are experts in directional wireless; mechanics who will attend to "faults" by wireless telephone; fuel controllers, and experienced pilots.

As the Honorable Mrs. Victor Bruce puts it herself: "My husband and I are going to be just robots while we are in the air." It will be those fifteen men on the ground who will decide where the Bruces are to fly and their directions and instructions will be given according to weather conditions.

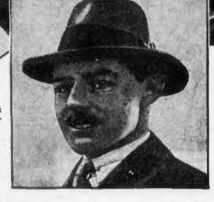
Primarily the idea is to fly round and round London, as already said. But after the first two days, the monoplane will make for Blackpool on the north-west coast of England, where they hope to arrive at 11 p. m. and celebrate over that town, which is England's Coney Island, a new British record of having been in the air for over 50 hours, which is the existing record. Having done that, they will return, after a week-end "at the coast," over London.

Although the flight has been arranged for mid-Summer when the weather is most likely to be favorable, Mrs. Victor Bruce and her staff are taking no chances of fogs, thunderstorms, or other atmospheric conditions that might bring the flight to an untimely end. Supposing that the weather over London should, through fogs or storms, look like making flying too difficult the weather experts on the ground below, who will have hourly reports of the conditions all over Britain, will promptly work out by means of their charts a direction and distance for Mrs. Bruce and her husband to take, and the plane will simply cease to fly round and round over London and make for where the air is calm and clear.

The Honorable Mrs. Victor Bruce at the Reception Which Greeted Her Return to England After Completing Her Tour Round the World in an Aeroplane.

The Four Hunter Brothers, of Sparta, Illinois, Who Broke the Endurance Flying Record, Remaining in the Air for 23 Days, 1 Hour, 40 Minutes, or Almost 554 Hours. Kenneth and John Are the Two in the Centre Who Broke the Record. The Other Two Brothers Attended Them With Fuel and Supplies.

Photograph of the Hunter Brothers Refueling Their Aeroplane While in the Air. Mrs. Bruce Will Use Practically the Same Method.



The Honorable Victor Bruce Who Will Accompany His Wife and Obey Her Orders.

The British weather experts on aerial conditions say that at the end of June, when the flight will begin, it is practically certain that at least over one area of the British Isles the weather will be such as to make it perfectly feasible for an aeroplane to keep on flying. Advised by their ground staff, who will move by road to wherever the Bruces' plane has been directed, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce will thus follow the good weather around and over Great Britain.

The wireless set in the Monospar aeroplane will work on two wave lengths, one of 900 meters, which is the Imperial Airways length, and Mrs. Bruce has been given a special wave-length of 764 meters in order to tune in with her ground staff and talk to them and receive messages and instructions.

But Mrs. Bruce herself is quite sanguine about being able to conquer weather difficulties.

"Apart from the fact that I hold the record of being the first woman to fly 'blind,' which I did for 16 hours, I am quite confident that we can, in the case of adverse weather, either rise about it or go through the worst of it," she told the American Weekly.

The greatest problem which Mrs. Bruce has to face is that of refueling. The Monospar flies sixteen hours on 100 gallons, but as she does not mean to let the supply in the tanks fall at any time during the flight below 30 gallons, the refueling is to be done twice a day by other planes which will go up and connect by pipe in the air. These planes will be controlled in their flight, as Mrs. Bruce's machine is, by the ground staff, who will give them their direction by wireless until they come within sixty feet or so of the Bruce aeroplane.

The personal arrangements of Mrs. Bruce and her husband are just as complete down to the last detail as the mechanical ones. The hours of duty at the stick and for rest have been worked out on the system observed on ships. The watches will be four hours on and four hours off, with a "dog" watch during the night, which will mean two hours on and two hours off in order to space out the twenty-four hours. An interesting point is that by flying at 10,000 feet, Mrs. Bruce and her husband will have almost an hour more daylight than the people on the ground below. That is, the sun will rise for them above the horizon about half an hour before it does on the ground and it will sink to the West about half an hour later than on earth.

The food question has also been worked out to a nicety. From Mondays to Saturdays, they will eat as simply as possible. A special lightweight but sustaining bread is the staple article of diet. Then there will be a patent food carried in cans. Odds and ends of delicacies to vary the monotony of the plainer foods will also be gotten from canned stuffs. Fresh milk and water will be delivered "at the door" every morning by the planes which come up, and at night, when the second refueling machines arrive, the empty bottles will be collected and taken away.

It is on Sundays that the Bruces will have their weekly "treat" in the shape of a hot meal. A special vacuum flask has been designed and made with three compartments. One will contain hot soup, the other fish, and the third hot meat. This flask will be swung down from the visiting plane and so the traditional English Sunday meal will not be missing during the four Sundays that they expect to be aloft.

The fuselage of the Monospar has a kitchen and larder, with washing and bathroom arrangements in the tail of the machine. In the kitchen, there is a special generator installed for boiling water in the electric kettle which is being carried. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bruce have found on previous endurance tests that tea is not only the most sustaining drink, but that it is the most welcome by far, and so in turns they will brew a dozen times a day "the cup that cheers."

Behind the pilot's seat on the starboard side of the plane is a fixed seat with one that lets down to make a settee, on which Mrs. Bruce or her husband will sleep while the other is at the stick.

Mrs. Bruce will try out something which will be of great interest to all aviators. It happens that at Hanworth Aerodrome — which is chiefly given over to the flying of privately owned aeroplanes—there is a doctor who goes up in his own machine as often as his work will allow it. He is a friend of Mrs. Bruce and her husband. Lately he has made special flights in order to work out a system of exercises which can be performed sitting down, and he has given Mrs. Bruce charts and instructions on these.

While the month's flight is on, therefore, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce will daily go in for these exercises, which they can carry out quite well even in the confined space of the monoplane. In this way they will avoid cramp and any digestive troubles that might supervene through lack of free movement and keep themselves perfectly fit. They will be performed during the resting periods while the one who is off duty is sitting on the seat behind the pilot.

The Honorable Victor Bruce and his wife are not wealthy people, but they are sufficiently well off to indulge in these feats without calling in financial assistance from outside. Both of them have large interests in motor manufacturing works in Britain and a goodly portion of their income is derived from that source.

The first and main object of the month's flight is to wrest the existing stay-in-the-air record from the United States, made by the brothers John and Kenneth Hunter, when they flew for twenty-three days. The second is to establish the supremacy of British aeroplanes so far as reliability of engines and general construction are concerned. And, as Mrs. Bruce puts it, "we are also out for the sport of the thing in trying to do something that no one else has done before."

Only July 4, two years ago, John and Kenneth Hunter brought their Stinson-Detroiter plane, "City of Chicago," down at Sky Harbor, Chicago, after being aloft continuously for nearly 554 hours—twenty-three days, one hour and forty minutes. They were refueled by their brothers, Walter and Albert, from another plane, "Big Ben."

This feat beat the previous record made by Dale Jackson and Forest O'Brien in the "St. Louis Robin" by 133 hours and 20 minutes. The "City of Chicago" was finally grounded by a broken oil gauge. The four Hunter brothers earned $21,000 in bonuses by their three-week merry-go-round. They expected to pick up another $200,000 by advertising testimonials and theatrical bookings.

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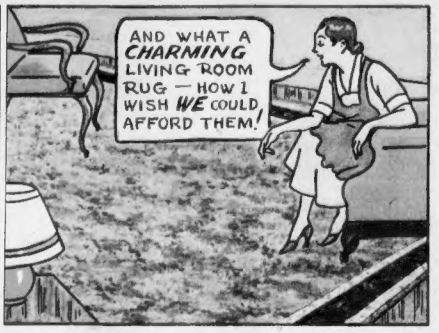
HOW BETTY BEAT THE RUG PROBLEM—

An Advertisement By The Makers Of Genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs



MY DEAR YOU CAN AFFORD THEM! PRICES HAVE NEVER BEEN SO LOW — WHY, YOU CAN GET A GENUINE CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL RUG ALMOST AS CHEAP AS AN INFERIOR IMITATION!
WELL — I DON'T KNOW---

HELLO, MRS SMITH? WELL, I'VE DECIDED TO GET CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL RUGS TOO! AND TO CELEBRATE MY DELIVERANCE FROM DRUDGERY I'M GOING TO SEE THAT MOVIE WITH YOU TODAY!!

NO FOOLIN'! ONLY GENUINE CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL RUGS BEAR THIS SEAL. IT IS THE EMBLEM OF QUALITY AND VALUE. BEWARE OF CHEAPLY-MADE IMITATIONS. THEY'RE EXPENSIVE AT ANY PRICE!

Patterns illustrated below are: (upper) "NOMAD"—Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 652, and (lower) "EGYPTIAN"—Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 651.

Now on Special Display

These reproductions can give only a faint hint of the beauty of these new Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs. See them for yourself—at your local store. *Then* you'll understand why they're sweeping the country!

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., KEARNY, N. J.
In Canada: Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

Here are the style sensations of the season, in labor-saving Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs. "These lovely patterns," says a leading decorator, "represent a new principle in rug design. They are color come to life—color in motion." You'll not find anything like them in cheap imitations of genuine Congoleum. As always, Congoleum is first to introduce the ultra smart in rug design. *And remember—these and all other brand new Congoleum styles now sell at lowest prices of all time!*

CONGOLEUM

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GOLD SEAL RUGS

Curious New Discoveries About Dogs

When He Is Seven and One-Half Years Old He Is Like a Man of Sixty; Big Dogs Are Short Lived; a Terrier Is the Best "Insurance Risk;" No-Meat Diet Is a Fallacy; Some Dogs Go Insane and Some Attempt Suicide

A Champion German Schnauzer Now Owned in the United States and Valued at $10,000, but No American Insurance Company Writes Dog Policies.

The Littlest and the Biggest Breeds of Dogs.

The Huge Irish Wolfhound Which, on Its Hind Legs, Is Considerably Taller Than a Man—And the Smallest Dog in the World That Can Be Carried in a Lady's Pocketbook.

Dogs Have Been Traced in the History of Man for More Than 6,000 Years. The Pictures of Dogs in Ancient Egypt Are Difficult to Identify, but Those on Old Greek Vases and Jugs Are Well Drawn and Show Breeds of Dogs Which Still Exist in the Modern World Today.

The Bulldog Is a Fierce-Looking Creature, but Not of a Robust Constitution and Usually Dies Young.

PEDIGREE DOG INSURANCE (UNDERWRITTEN AT LLOYDS)

KENNEL POLICY

The Lloyds' (England) Dog Insurance Policy, and Major Reynell, Specialist on Canine Life Insurance.

The Pampered House Dog, Usually Over-fed and Under-exercised, Lives an Unhappy Life. Forbidden From Social Companionship With Other Dogs and Yearning for Freedom to Rove Over the Hills and Through the Woods Like the Farmer's Dog, the City Dog With an Over-kind Mistress, Leads a Wretched Existence and Dies Before His Time.

LONDON, May 26.

IT is important for the big life insurance companies to know very accurately what kind of people are good "risks" and what are the things which reveal weaknesses or bad habits which are likely to interfere with the health and long life of a person. Thus it is that the medical examiner can tell sometimes at a glance the condition and health and prospects of early death of an individual.

And so it that the recently developed business in England of insuring dogs' lives has resulted in a careful study of dogs and the discovery of many curious and important facts not hitherto known about Fido. There is no insurance company in the United States which writes life insurance policies on dogs, but an increasing amount of dog insurance is being written in Great Britain.

It is the Lloyds Company which has a special policy for dogs and the dog insurance specialists have thus been compelled to learn something about the good and bad risks of their dog customers. The scale of premium rates is based upon this new knowledge about the dog world, because in estimating Mr. Mutt's prospects of life, it is necessary to know why a dog grows old and feeble, and base the charges for the insurance on something better than guess work.

Thus it has been discovered that dogs go insane and sometimes seem to attempt suicide; that little dogs have a longer life expectancy than big dogs; that terriers of all kinds (except toy terriers) are the best insurance risks of all; that three years is the prime of life for a dog, and eight years represents old age; that pampered dogs die early, while the more or less "neglected" dogs are likely to live long and be healthy; that the no-meat diet fad is a fallacy, but small bones are dangerous; that the fierce-looking bulldog is one of the worst insurance risks.

It has been widely remarked that there is more difference in the breeds of dogs than in any other species of animal life—tiny dogs so small they can be put in a woman's pocketbook, and giant dogs taller than a man when standing on their hind legs. Many of these strange breeds of dogs are man's own creations as the result of his cross-breeding and distorting of Nature. And in some of these breeds where man has interfered with Nature curious weaknesses are apparent.

The British bulldog is a freak product of the breeders' art, corresponding to a certain kind of dwarf which is marked by a normal torso, gnarled but strongly muscled arms and legs and a "dished" or sunken face. The bulldog and this type of dwarf suffer from a condition called achondroplasia, which means lack of cartilage, and along with this is a change in the glands. It is one of the most stupid of all dogs.

The Boston terrier, with its prominent eyes, extreme nervousness and tendency to have goitre, suffers from a bad thyroid gland. Centuries of breeding have fixed the characteristics which in human beings are regarded as a disease. Pekingese and Pomeranian dogs resemble certain dwarfs with bad thyroid and pituitary glands.

The huge St. Bernard and the Great Dane are the results of man's special breeding. They are the results of gland changes which produce what is known in human beings as the disease called giantism. None of these freak breeds is as healthy or long-lived as the natural breeds of dogs. Probably the German police dog most nearly resembles the normal wolf dog, which was the probable type of ancestors of most of the dog family. Many of the new facts in regard to dogs were developed by the interesting researches of Dr. Charles R. Stockard, of Cornell University.

Many popular notions about dogs are found to be wrong. Dog lovers, even dog breeders, for instance, when asked what really constitutes old age in a dog, assert that twelve is not so old—that many dogs have been known to live to be twenty and more. But insurance experts are more conservative and cautious. They reckon a dog at seven and a half years old to be comparatively as old as a man of sixty. And sixty years is the age at which insurance companies decline to insure men against personal accident and sickness. They will not write a policy on a dog over seven years old. Or if a policy is insisted on, the premium demanded would be prohibitive.

But no racing dogs are insured at any age. Whippets and greyhounds engaged in this arduous sport are not acceptable under any circumstances. Why? Because they are likely to drop dead of heart failure. Their cardiac equipment has been weakened by the terrific exercise they are trained to take.

Exercise is good for a dog—but not too violent exercise. It is almost impossible to let a healthy dog take too much slow exercise—they can walk, for instance, as much as twenty-five miles a day without bad effect, but care must be taken in letting them run fast. Ostensibly for that same reason, Lloyds demands a higher rate in insuring pointers, whippets, elkhounds, deerhounds and bloodhounds than for the lazy household poodle.

The chance of a healthy, fully grown, Class A dog dying within the next twelve months, the insurance experts figure, is almost seven and a half times greater than the chance of a healthy man of forty dying in the next year. That is the way the rate is computed—it costs Fido's master seven and a half times as much in premiums to insure Fido for $500 for the next year, as it would cost Fido's master if he himself were forty and healthy. In other words, to express the sum in American terms, if it would cost a healthy man of forty about ten dollars per year per thousand in premiums, it would cost his dog about seventy-five dollars per thousand.

Major G. Maitland Reynell, of London, himself a breeder of dogs, is a well-known London dog insurance broker. He is a specialist in dog insurance, acting as expert intermediary between dog owners wishing their animals insured and the important insurance companies. There are few others in the world following his choice of endeavor even as a side-line.

In drawing a comparison between mankind and dogs he points out that, as men residing in temperate climates can be graded as A-1 lives, from an insurance standpoint, and Asiatics or men who are natives of extremely hot or extremely cold countries can be classed as B or C risks, so the various breeds of dogs can be classed as A-1, B or C risks.

Dogs not natives of temperate climes, such as the United States or the British Isle, therefore, are likely to die earlier than the native types, to be harder to raise and more subject to illness. Therefore, the safest breed to pick, in the first place, if you want a long-lived pet, is not an imported breed but an at-home dog.

The following are the classifications of dog lives that are considered to be good, medium or bad for insurance risks:

Table 1. (A-1 lives.) All terriers except toy terriers. (These include fox terriers, airedales, Irish terriers, Scottish terriers, Sealyhams and other wire-haired breeds.) Alsatians, spaniels, retrievers, collies, setters, poodles and Old English sheep dogs.

Table 2. (Fairly good lives.) All toy dogs, Samoyeds, Dalmatians, chows, dachshunds, pointers and keeshonden (Dutch barge dogs).

Table 3. (B lives.) Mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, Great Danes, whippets, French bulldogs, Afghans, elkhounds and deerhounds.

Table 4. (Short lives.) Bulldogs, Irish wolfhounds, Russian wolfhounds, Salukis, bloodhounds and various foreign dogs.

The insurance rates on the Table 1 classification, the long-lived dogs, are, of course, the lowest. If the annual premium on a terrier, for instance, were seventy-five dollars per thousand, the rate on a chow, pointer or other Table 2 dog would be about eighty-five dollars a thousand. On the third classification, which includes mostly big dogs the rate would be a hundred dollars a thousand, while the rates on the final class of short-lived dogs are not listed at all, and could only be quoted on application and the policy written at a high premium.

The individual dog, in the final class, must be judged by careful research into the dog's history, his habits of life, his former illnesses, his possible exposure to contagious disease. A recognized veterinarian must examine the dog just as the insurance doctor examines an individual—must take his temperature, listen to his heart with a stethoscope, perform fluid analyses, inquire into the genuineness of his pedigree, his mental condition (for some dogs are abnormal) and take other precautions which only a life insurance company knows how to think up.

Only a pedigree dog can be insured. This is not because the company wants to be "snooty" about it, and bar from the privilege dogs of humble and unrecorded birth, but because only a dog with a pedigree can be properly classed for the insurance company's purpose of quoting rates. The company could not, for instance, split a rate between Table 1 and Table 4—a dog that perhaps through the exigencies of dubious parenthood turned out half bulldog and half airedale. No—the crossbreed, no matter how lovable and faithful, must go uninsured, unless his master wants to pay a prohibitive rate in a special policy that would cost eight or ten times what the dog is worth.

The underwriters demand other safeguards as well. The dog is insured for only twelve months at a time, and his policy cannot be renewed without another medical examination. If he dies within two months after the acceptance of the risk, the owner collects only two-thirds of the sum for which the animal is insured. If the dog is put out at board away from the owner's premises and personal charge, the policy does not cover.

Special maternity policies are available for female dogs that are expected to produce young. These cover the safe arrival of the litter and the mother dog's safety for 720 hours, or a little over four weeks afterward. They insure only against the death of the parent animal.

Major Reynell, the dog insurance specialist, is constantly consulted as such by dog owners from all parts of England, and is frequently quoted on the dog subject.

"The chief causes of death in dogs may almost be boiled down to one—distemper," said Major Reynell. "Even if the dog survives the distemper, his constitution is likely to be weakened and he may die of other diseases which are the result of the distemper. But puppies are now being vaccinated for distemper and many canine lives are thus saved.

"The best way to raise a dog is to raise him naturally. Pampered dogs die soonest and have the worst health. A coddled, overfed dog that is kept in a city home without proper exercise, and only allowed out of the house once or twice a day on a leash, has not the health, vigor or life expectancy of the farm dog that can roam the countryside and mingle with its fellows, even though the country animal has to take his chances in foraging for food.

"Once a day is enough to feed a dog, preferably in the evening, though a snack in the morning, too, may be given if desired. Never give sweets, never feed between meals. Make a dog mind. He loves a stern master. A spoiled dog is never happy. Feed him bones that he can gnaw—digestion begins with his gnawing. Don't give him splintered bones, or bones of small fowls—they may cause internal injury because the dog can gnaw, but cannot masticate as we can; he cannot chew small bones.

"Fresh meat is better than 'dog biscuits,' because in the latter the nutritive fat and oils of meat are absent. There are, however, canned dog foods that overcome this objection. The fad in certain localities of denying a dog meat is an absolute fallacy—the dog is carnivorous, needs meat. Onions and mashed carrots are good among vegetables, but potatoes should be omitted.

"Give your dog good food, plenty of slow exercise, keep him happy, and he should live his allotted span."

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				31x5.25–21	5.98	11.64	1.15
29x4.40–21	$3.59	$6.98	$0.80	28x5.50–18	6.10	11.88	1.27
29x4.50–20	3.89	7.58	.93	29x5.50–19	6.25	12.14	1.31
30x4.50–21	3.95	7.66	.80	8-Ply Tires Includes 2 Cord Plies Technically Known as Breaker Strips			
28x4.75–19	4.63	9.00	.91				
29x4.75–20	4.70	9.14	.93	30x5.77–20	$8.09	$15.78	$1.40
29x5.00–19	4.85	9.44	.91	30x6.00–18	7.76	15.10	1.27
30x5.00–20	4.95	9.60	1.04	31x6.00–19	7.87	15.34	1.31
31x5.00–21	5.15	9.96	1.15	32x6.00–20	8.09	15.78	1.40
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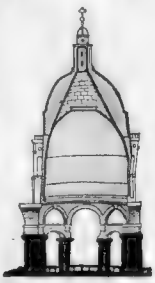
St. Paul's Cathedral Crumbling

Its Foundations Sinking, the Costly Repairs of Recent Years Inadequate, London's Greatest Church Threatens to Collapse Like the Campanile at Venice and the Vatican Library

Sectional Diagram of St. Paul's Cathedral and Its Foundations. The Blackened Parts Show Where the Great Building Was Cracking Owing to the Drying Up of the Subsoil. This Was Supposed to Have Been Corrected by Recent Costly Repairs, but Further Collapse Is Now Threatened and Experts Say the Foundations Must Be Carried Down to the Blue Clay to Save the Cathedral.



Section of the Great Dome of St. Paul's, Which Would Probably Be the First Part to Collapse. The Blackened Parts Are the Piers Which Are Settling.

Photographic Impression of the Great St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Showing How It Will Collapse, According to the Distinguished British Engineer, Alexander Drew, If the Present Undermining of Its Foundations Is Not Stopped by a New Colossal Work of Repair.

LONDON, May 27.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, the pride of London and of the whole British Empire, is declared to be in danger of crumbling to pieces, in spite of repeated efforts in recent years to reinforce its walls and foundations.

While Westminster Abbey is celebrated for coronations and royal ceremonies, St. Paul's is always the scene of thanksgiving for great military and naval victories. Both the Duke of Wellington and Admiral Nelson are buried there. Hence the Cathedral is very closely bound up with patriotic sentiment and its fall would be a shock of unparalleled magnitude.

The danger to St. Paul's Cathedral is due mainly, to the immense weight which the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, placed on the piers supporting the mighty dome, and also in part to changes in the character of the subsoil. The drying out of the subsoil on account of the construction of subways, drains and various pipes, and the vibration due to surface buses and underground trains have caused the piers, masonry and foundations to crack and subside in an alarming manner. All around the great arches can be seen cracks filled in, but plain to the eye, while measurements show that the whole vast building has sunk.

In fact, St. Paul's is suffering from modern conditions as many other historic buildings have done or are doing. The great Campanile at Venice, perhaps the most famous tower in the world, fell into a formless heap of bricks and masonry because its weight had upset its primitive foundations in the course of eight hundred years. More recently, the notable Vatican Library collapsed with serious loss of life. The beautiful Leaning Tower of Pisa is stated to be leaning too far from the perpendicular and likely to fall over completely. Efforts are being made to prevent it from going farther.

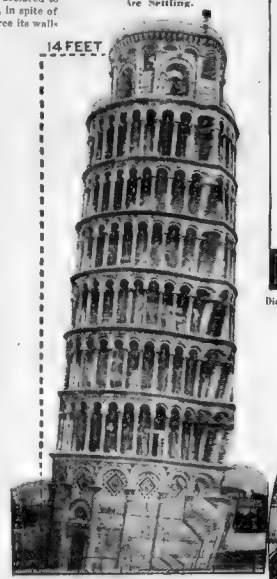
St. Paul's was declared to be unsafe, cracking and settling as long ago as 1907.

"The introduction of the heavy type of motor omnibus with its consequently increased vibration in such close proximity to the Cathedral is a serious evil," said Sir Francis Fox, the architect employed by the church authorities to report on the condition of St. Paul's. "The character and depth of the foundations are not known, but the eight great piers on which it rests have moved and sunk from four inches to six inches, bringing undue cross-strains on the structure, resulting in serious cracks.

"I have reason to believe that the weight on the foundations of the cathedral is excessive and that the load on the masonry of the piers is much more than experts of the present day would venture to propose. If it were located on rock, no harm except vibration would ensue. But it is standing on wet sand and gravel and even peat; in fact, the actual condition of the foundations is an unknown quantity."

The work of repair was begun in 1913 and interrupted by the war. In 1924 the cracking became so serious that the city of London ordered the building closed for fear it might fall and bury its immense congregation in its ruins.

Dean Inge, head of the Cathedral clergy, after some delay secured permission to reopen the Cathedral by promising to resume repairs immediately and to rail off and exclude the public from those parts where masonry was most likely to fall. A fund of $750,000 was raised and the work was energetically pursued and recently completed.



The Curious Leaning Position of the Famous Tower of Pisa, Italy, as Its Most Interesting Feature for Centuries—How It Has Now Proceeded to a Point Where It Threatens Complete Collapse.

The principal part of this work consisted in reinforcing the eight piers which support the great dome, the second largest in the world. In the course of centuries these piers had become crushing but a shell of stone filled with dust. The strengthening was done by injecting immense quantities of cement into them until they were supposed to be as hard as solid stone. This part of the work, in fact, was completed some years ago.

The Cathedral as restored was opened in 1930 in the presence of King George and Queen Mary and 150 archbishops and bishops from the British Empire, America and many foreign countries.

But now competent engineers assert that the reinforcement to the piers, even if it has been successfully accomplished, which they doubt, would be insufficient to insure the safety of the Cathedral; that the subsidence is still going on; that the historic edifice is liable to crumble to pieces as the Venetian Campanile did, and that the only way to save St. Paul's is to build new foundations down to the solid blue clay twenty feet beneath the tottering foundations.

The beautiful gold cross which crowns the dome of St. Paul's is now lower than when Sir Christopher Wren erected it, because the whole dome structure has sunk downwards into the body of the church. The two great western towers have an alarming tendency to lean apart, one to the northwest and the other to the southwest. In 1907, when the work of repair began, the southwest tower was found to be six inches out of the perpendicular. This movement has gone further, but the church architect does not wish it to be known exactly how great it is. The dome is surrounded by a very impressive colonnade. In the course of time the drum of the dome, being the heaviest part, has sunk more than the colonnade and left it considerably behind.

The dome of the Cathedral resting upon the eight piers weighs 60,000 tons. The piers appear to be of massive masonry, but really they are only faced with stone and are filled with rubble, which is not very different from rubbish. Sir Christopher Wren took a great risk in placing the mighty dome on such a weak foundation, but he did not have the money to do anything else.

The dome is said to put a greater strain on its supports than any other, even more than St. Peter's at Rome, because of the much-admired rounded form which Wren has given to his structure. This places a tremendous outward thrust upon the supporting columns. The immense weight of the dome has for years been too great for the piers, every one of which has shifted or cracked.

When the city architect closed the Cathedral, he demanded that the eight piers should be replaced by solid ashlar masonry, but the expense of this would have been so great that the church authorities avoided the demand by promising to strengthen the piers with an ingenious system known as grouting.

Liquid cement from an immense hose was forced behind the stone surface of the piers in such a way that it would seep into the rubble inside each of which supports a weight of about 8,000 tons of stone, timber and lead, forming part of the dome. He showed a newspaper man a series of round stone plugs

"This is where they have pumped liquid cement into these pillars," he explained. "They were originally built hollow and filled in with rubble and lime mortar by Wren. The rubble and mortar crumbled to a mixture of dust and lime and settled down. Liquid cement was used in an attempt to fill the gaps. But no one knows where the cement went to or what effect it had. It would be necessary to tear the pillars down to make certain. It is definite, however, that a great additional weight has been added to the foundations and that is where the serious danger lies."

JULY 4, 1902
THE CAMPANILE BEGINS TO LEAN
JULY 10, 1902
PORTIONS OF IT FALL AWAY
JULY 12, 1902
THE WHOLE TOWER SUDDENLY COLLAPSES.
JULY 14, 1902
IT BECOMES ONLY A RUBBISH HEAP

Diagrams Showing How the Famous Campanile at Venice, One of the Most Noted Landmarks in the World, Began to Lean and Then Crumbled Into a Heap of Rubbish Owing to the Shifting of Its Foundations Many Centuries Old.

Down in the vaults beneath the floor of the Cathedral, Mr. Drew pointed to the bases of the eight piers and explained the conditions which were causing them to settle.

"The tremendous weight of the dome tends to spread these eight columns outwards. If they shifted at the bottom the whole thing would collapse upon us like a house of cards," he said.

"Wren built his masterpiece upon a mortar raft. It is 4 feet 6 inches in depth at this point and thins out at each end of the building where there is not so much pressure. It was found when the last repairs were carried out that some of that mortar had never hardened. It has been replaced largely now, of course.

"Below the potter's earth and the sand are always the foundations, and the only earth we can get at near to St. Paul's is London clay, which is practically as firm a rock, 20 feet below. If that were done the Cathedral would last forever. At present anything may happen and no one can know when. It may fall gradually into one heap, or it may topple to one side."

St. Paul's Cathedral is only one of many historic monuments of the old world that are in danger or have suffered disaster. On July 14, 1902, the great Campanile of St. Mark's, Venice, fell to the ground almost without warning. In the case there was no opportunity to save the building as reinforcing its walls or foundation. The cracking of the brick work had been noticed eight days before it fell and scaffolding was put in to permit of any needed strengthening.

The roof of the famous Vatican Library collapsed on Dec. 26, 1931, and killed five workmen and ruined priceless books and parchments. Here again the disaster was due to defective methods of repair and restoration and the strain put upon old buildings by modern activities, even in such a peaceful part of the world as the Vatican.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa also owed its world-wide reputation to the fact that it was considerably out of plumb, but this tendency has now increased until it is a grave danger. The Tower, which is nearly 180 feet high and built entirely of marble, was begun in 1174 and finished in 1350. The last of the Towers is believed to have started immediately after it was built and to have continued steadily ever since. Recently it was measured and found to be 14 feet out of plumb. Experts say that the tower may stand fifty years more, perhaps one hundred years, but that eventually it must fall

The Miserable, Shapeless Pile of Bricks Which Was All That Was Left of the Splendid Campanile on the Piazza of St. Mark's at Venice a Moment After It Fell.

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By A "Gunma

Margaret Murray, Who Was the "Br for Stephen Sw Reveals Underworl Existence, Alwa

THE gangster and the stage, and the women queens who stagger u

But Margaret Murray, life in the underworld. S heart of the leader. It wa ups in New York City wit

But the inevitable je leader, was executed by his for a ride." She anxiously w surprise, of the finding of

And then Margaret ha police all about the killer and gave the testimony i court which put two of th gang in Sing Sing. Sh now reveals the truth o gangster life—a wretche existence with rewards ut terly inadequate to th risks, and a disastrous en which cannot be escaped.

The Body of Steve Sweeney, Leader of the Hold-Up Gang, Lying Beside the Long Island Motor Parkway Near Hicksville, While Detectives and Reporters Examine the Scene.

While Margaret Murray Was Held in Jail as an Important Witness After She Had Revealed to the Police the Story of the Killing of Sweeney, Vivian Gordon's Body Was Found in Van Cortlandt Park. She Had Been Murdered Before She Could Tell Her Secrets of the Underworld: Margaret Murray Was Locked Up for Safety Until Her Testimony Could Be Laid Before a Jury.

Freddy Schoenhardt (Left) and Harold McCormick Handcuffed Together on Their Way to Serve Their Sentences in Sing Sing Prison.

By Margaret Murray

Who Was the "Bright Eyes" for Stephen Sweeney's Gang, Which Raided More Than 500 New York Speakeasies.

CHAPTER V.

(Concluded from Last Sunday.)

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AND now I come to the last night on earth of Stephen Sweeney, leader of our hold-up outfit and the man I expected to marry. Steve died from pistol bullets fired into him by two members of his own gang—it was not the electric chair nor a police pistol that dropped him and ended the activities of our outfit.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion."

That is from the Bible and the first part is truer than the last. Our boys, when they raided speakeasies, sometimes "stuck-up" and robbed among the customers judges and eminent figureheads of prohibition in good standing among the "hosts of the righteous." As soon as Steve and the others pulled their guns the hands of the righteous went up as quick as anybody's. They were no lions.

But the wicked certainly do flee whether anybody is pursuing or not. I have already told how nervous and jumpy we always were, scared to be seen on the streets in daylight, hardly daring to go to the theatre and moving from flat to flat every week or two because we imagined somebody was watching us. Nor were we half as worried about the police as of bullets from rival gangsters.

Yet when death came to our leader it did not sneak up on him but gave clear warnings. As I look back on those last fatal hours it is hard to understand why Steve, alert, suspicious, always reading the other man's thoughts, could have been so blind and deaf —and I was equally so.

Gangsters are fatalists. They believe that provided one is as careful as possible he won't go behind the bars or stop a rival's bullet until his fated hour has come, but when "his number is up" he either becomes so dumb that he walks right into his doom or it finds him no matter how careful he may be. Without that superstition criminals would go crazy under the strain of worry. Steve Sweeney's case seems to confirm the notion.

After that Riverside Drive folly, where Steve knocked a cop down and shot it out with him, he never stopped sneering at Freddy Schoenhardt for running away. Every night, as soon as they had taken their first drink, Steve would begin to call his follower a "yellow heel" and other names that are not easily forgiven in the underworld. Freddy seemed to take it very decently and argued patiently that both should have run and that Steve ought not to have started the trouble in the first place. "Handsome" Harold McCormick, the other member of the gang who went with us most frequently on those speakeasy jobs, sided with Freddy and, though I loved Sweeney and expected to marry him when he got around to it, I felt the same way.

At first these daily rows frightened me, but always around midnight, when the time came to go out and start "sticking-up" the speakies, the quarrel would be patched up and they would work together as well as ever. So I decided that it was just talk. Pretty soon it was nothing but a bore.

Steve used to say, "Don't tell all you know." And he practiced what he preached, refusing to tell me what he did on his occasional visits to Philadelphia. It was Steve's policy to carry all the guns for the mob on his own person until they were ready to invade the speakeasy and only then to hand them out to the other boys. As soon as the evening's work was over he took the guns back. For this reason he was known as "Four-gun Sweeney." Sometimes he carried five at a time.

I happened to discover that Freddy and Harold were each "packing a gat" unknown to our leader. At first I was going to tell Sweeney, but he had just come back from Philadelphia and so I thought I would take his advice and not tell all I know. Also it might have made more friction in the gang and, after all, a gangster is supposed to go armed whenever he feels like it.

Because I kept this from Steve and because once or twice I took Freddy's part in these tiresome rows, he and Handsome, perhaps, got the wrong idea that I would not mind much if they "bumped Steve off" and one of them took his place as leader.

Margaret Murray, "Bright Eyes."

December 20, the day that was to bring disaster to all of us, came without any red lights that I could see. The week before Christmas is the poorest of the year in the speakeasies as in the theatres. The big bootleg liquor trade at that time is in the form of cases, half cases and single bottles delivered to residences for Christmas presents. After Christmas theatres and speakies do a capacity business, ending with New Year's, the biggest night of the year. This meant that for the next five days no speakeasy would be worth robbing, therefore our boys would not be working and the next few days should have been the five safest days of the whole year. How little we know in our easiest moment what is just around the corner—the prison, the hospital or the grave

On the evening of the twentieth Steve, Freddy and I saw a Broadway show, had a bite to eat and then met Harold at Luke's speakeasy on Sixteenth Street. We were friends and customers at Luke's and never thought of robbing that place because it was really the nearest approach to home that any of us had. Those flats that we kept renting and deserting after a few weeks were no more homes than a Pullman berth is to a traveling salesman.

No sooner had we sat down than that eternal row about Freddy being "yellow" started. I was not worried, just disgusted, and went into the next room, where there were music and a dance floor. Several fellows were there that I knew slightly, all of them being regular patrons of the speakeasy. They put nickels in the phonograph and I danced with one or the other of them. Every now and then I returned to the table, where Steve and the other two boys were still arguing bitterly. I would sip at my glass of beer, and as this talk became too monotonous, I would go back and dance. About five o'clock I sat down at the table. Steve was pretty drunk and was repeating over and over to Freddy:

"You're a yellow cur."

"Oh, cut it out," I said. "Let's go home. You've been drinking too much."

"Freddy's buying tonight," Stevie laughed, "and I am going to sit here as long as the yellow pup buys."

"Will you drink all the booze that I buy for you?" asked Freddy.

"I'll drink just as long as your dough is on the table," hiccoughed Steve.

"Well, how about a highball glass full of straight whiskey?" asked Freddy.

"I'm game, bring it on," said Steve.

"This is too silly for anything," I put in. "Why don't you cut it out and go home like nice boys?"

This went on for several minutes. Finally Freddy called the bartender.

"Give us another round," he ordered. "But this time Steve will take his highball without any seltzer water."

"What?" asked the bartender. "A highball glass full of straight whiskey?"

"Sure," said Steve. "Freddy's paying for it."

The bartender protested. There was neither sense nor pleasure in such insane drinking. Only harm would come of it. But Steve showed signs of getting nasty.

"Who are you to tell me how to drink?" he demanded. "I know how much I can hold. I am a customer and the customer is always right."

Freddy said nothing but laid on the table a "yard" (a hundred-dollar bill.) The bartender stared at the four of us and the "yard," nodded and went away. He had a tough problem on his hands.

We were old, steady cash customers. If he gave us "the bums' rush" to the sidewalk, he would lose our trade. Also he had a pretty good idea of our business and knew that we might be "tough customers" if offended. In the old saloon days a barkeep, under such circumstances, would have given a signal causing someone to slip out and call a cop. The speakeasy, being against the law, does not dare do that.

That bartender was slow in filling the order but when he returned, to my dismay, he set down a tumbler full of whiskey in front of Steve, who gulped it all down as if it had been plain water. After that he shuddered and drank a little water.

"What are you shivering for—too strong for you?" asked Harold.

"No," growled Steve, "I guess somebody walked over my grave."

"That's no lie," said Freddy, "And this your last drink." The two boys exchanged a glance that should have warned me, but I was only thinking of getting Steve home before something happened. Steve, however, remained had two more of those tumblerfuls. After each Freddy made that same remark about its being his last. Following the third Steve slumped down in his chair and seemed to have passed out entirely.

I suspect that the bartender put at least a little water with the whiskey, doctoring it up with coloring matter which most speakeasies have in the back room, along with raw alcohol, flavoring, bead oil, etc., making it possible to give a customer a pretty good imitation of most anything he wants. However, they all had plenty and I decided not to go home with them in such a condition.

There had been some foolish talk earlier in the evening of driving out to Montauk Point and hi-jacking a load of Christmas liquor that was supposed to be on its way to town. Hi-jacking was a reckless game, not in our line, but the boys, when heavily "charged-up" with liquor, as they were that night, often amused themselves by planning "big-shot" jobs that they promptly forgot. As we started to lift Steve out of his chair Freddy felt the guns in his pockets.

"We'd better relieve him of some of these 'rods' in case a cop wants to help us lead him into the taxi," Freddy remarked, helping himself to one of Steve's guns and handing another to Handsome. I made no protest. The excuse was plausible and anyway Steve had a couple more on him.

"Take a last look at your sweetie," said Freddy, with a queer sort of grin on his face.

I had taken nothing but beer and was sober

ın's Moll"

ight Eyes" (the Lookout) eeney's Hold-Up Gang, Secrets of Life in the l—a Hunted, Miserable With Death or Disaster ys Threatening

gunman have been glorified in novels, in the movies and on the of these bandits, the "gunman's moll," are presented as care-free nder a weight of jewels and furs.

who was a gunman's "moll," draws quite a different picture of real he was the "Bright Eyes" (the lookout) for the gang and the sweet- s a rather successful bandit outfit and managed more than $00 hold- hout capture or serious casualties.

lousies and conflicts arose inside the gang. Steve Sweeney, the own men. Margaret was present when the man she loved was "taken atched the newspapers and next day learned with grief, but without is bullet-punctured body alongside the road.

d the courage to defy the law of the underworld—she told the

After a Night of Heavy Drinking the Party Started Out in a Taxicab. On the Back Seat Were Sweeney, Margaret Murray and Freddy Schoenhardt. While Harold McCormick Sat on One of the Small Seats Facing Sweeney. As He Fell Forward in a Drunken Lurch and Harold Put His Left Hand on Steve's Right Shoulder, Margaret Screamed When She Glanced Up and Saw McCormick Pressing a Pistol Against Sweeney's Head.

e enough, but mighty dumb that night. Still, I could e not miss the suggestion in that remark and asked f what he meant.

"Why," said Freddy, "he has had enough raw liquor to kill a man. I doubt if he ever opens his eyes."

Just at that moment Steve did open them and muttered thickly:

"Where do we go from here?"

"We are going to take 'Bright-eyes' to her sister's and then we are going to take you for a ride."

Again Freddy, the snake, had sounded his warning rattle and this time it penetrated even the muddled brain of Steve.

"Whazzat you say?" he roared, glaring around with bloodshot eyes.

"We are going to take you for a ride around in the fresh air, so you'll be fit for that Montauk hi-jacking job you were talking about," explained Harold. Freddy only grinned. It struck me then that if the boys had meant harm it would be the last thing they would suggest. Out on the sidewalk in the fresh air Steve revived a little. We hailed a passing taxicab and helped Steve into the rear seat. I sat down next to him with Freddy at my side. Handsome sat in one of the front seats opposite Steve.

Sweeney was limp. He kept falling forward and Harold had to push him back into an upright position. He did this three or four times. Freddy and I were talking and I saw Freddy move his head sidewise in a negative signal to Harold. Of course I looked at Harold, and there he was with his left hand on Stevie's right shoulder. In his right hand he had his gun and it was pressed against Steve's forehead.

As I turned by head and took in this situation, Handsome said:

"Sit up, you drunken so and so, and act like a man."

I let out a scream that almost wrecked the taxi. The driver jumped about a foot, twisting the wheel so sharply that we almost tipped over. However, he stopped the car, got out and profanely asked what was going on. Freddy and Harold laughed and explained that they were trying to sober up a drunk by throwing a scare into him.

The driver never said a word, just looked at us and finally got back in his seat. I don't know what he thought. But he was on an empty street with at least one armed man and might as well do as he was told and hope for the best. Also the behavior of people on their way home from speakeasies is beyond understanding. Anyway, he drove to where my sister Stella roomed with another girl, and there I got out.

I was uneasy, but the boys assured me that they had merely hoped that a cold muzzle against Steve's face would wake him up, but it hadn't and now they would probably have to carry him into the flat. They asked me not to mention the incident because the gang might not understand. My real worry as I crawled in beside Stella and went to sleep was that the three might be just drunk enough to drive out to Montauk.

At ten that morning there was a pounding at the door. I opened it on the anxious face of Steve's brother, Mickey, who wanted to know why Steve had not come home. I gave him a rapid review of the night's events but found myself leaving out that incident of the taxi and Freddy's two hints at murder. Mickey had a true "hunch" about his brother being dead. I began to feel it, too, but did everything to make him think things were all right, finally sending him away half persuaded that the three were out at Montauk.

I was just wondering why I had been shielding Freddy when in he came with my brother John and glibly explained that after driving around an hour or so, Steve had waked up cross and demanded to be let out at Forty-second St. He had seemed able to walk and take care of himself and that was all. I did not like Freddy's nervousness nor the queer way he was watching me, but I had to listen to John, who was full of troubles about his wife, June, in the hospital for an operation. Freddy, who usually never did anything except for Freddy, volunteered to hire a car and drive us to the hospital in the Bronx. Funny how things flash through one's mind. I remembered hearing a plainclothes "dick" who was investigating a murder once say:

"Murderers get awful tender-hearted, just after they've done it."

Freddy took me from the hospital to a lunch room and as soon as the waiter had taken the order whispered:

"I got to tell you something. Maybe it will be a bad shock, maybe not so bad. But you won't lose anything, see?"

"Tell me what?" I asked.

"You ought to have seen it coming," said Freddy. "You must have known I was sick of being called 'yellow.'"

I nodded in a sort of trance and after watching me for a minute he suddenly blurted it out:

"He got what was coming to him. Handsome and I took him out in the sticks and gave him the works."

I just stared at him and he stared back. The waiter came bothering around, pushing napkins at us and banging silver on the table. At times like that you see and remember the silliest things. I noticed that the waiter had the disagreeable habit of putting the spoons down with his thumb in the bowls. Finally he wandered away and I heard Freddy saying:

"Well, Kid, say something. I've showed my hand. Now you show yours."

I could only mumble that I didn't believe him. I didn't quite. It is hard to believe sudden bad news and here was a young man hardly more than a boy calmly saying that he had killed the man I loved, but that I would not lose anything by it. Also I was wondering what I would do if I did believe it. That thought was in Freddy's mind, too, and he spoke it:

"You'll know it soon enough and then how will you feel about it? You wouldn't lose your head and do anything foolish, would you?"

I heard myself telling Freddy that I was no squealer. To squeal, in the underworld, is about the same as committing suicide. Still I wasn't convinced that Steve was dead. Maybe this was some sort of test or joke. In silence we returned to John's apartment and ate dinner there. After that Freddy took me to a show of which I cannot remember a thing. I was wondering how, when, where and if I would kill this boy if he had really murdered Steve, but the possibility of squealing never entered my mind. My last doubts about Steve being dead vanished when, after the show, Freddy said:

"Let's go to Luke's, so it won't look so funny."

Why was Freddy not letting me out of his sight? Late that night we returned to John's flat and there was Mickey, tears running down his cheeks, holding a newspaper telling of a body, riddled with bullets, that had been found near the motor parkway on Long Island. On the body was a watch with Steve's initials "S. S."

I have noticed that most easy weepers never seem to have a cent and Mickey was no exception. Freddy handed him $20 and told him to go out on Long Island and see what he could see.

Mickey took the money and went on weeping for some time, but always Freddy kept his eyes glued on me. Suddenly Mickey reached for his hat and asked if I would like to go with him. Freddy shook his head at me in an emphatic no, which I ignored, and as we left he gave me a last look of threat and warning, which, in spite of my grief and hate, almost made me smile. The fool, did he think it possible that I would "put the finger on him" and pay the penalty that goes with it?

When a Policeman Is Killed by a Gangster He Is Given a Hero's Funeral—But When a Gangster Is Killed by a Police Officer or Some Underworld Associate His Body Is Sent to the Morgue.

We called up Adam Kowiokowski, whom Steve used to say ought to have been hanged at Ellis Island for bringing such an unpronounceable name into the country. Poor Adam, the faint-hearted taxi driver who never meant to be actively engaged in crime but fooled with the fringes of our gang just enough to get two years in prison. This was a perfectly legitimate errand, to view a corpse, so Adam hummed happily on the front seat, little knowing that this innocent trip was to bring down on his head all his previous sins.

In the back seat Mickey and I discussed all sorts of possibilities. I knew the truth but I would not squeal even to the brother of the man I loved. At a Hempstead police station Mickey and I went in and inquired where we could view the body of the man found that morning near Hicksville. They told us to go to Police Headquarters in Hempstead. There they told us to go to Police Headquarters in Mineola.

It was now two or three o'clock in the morning, and when we showed up at Mineola they were waiting for us. I suppose those policemen had been telephoning around from one police station to another, and when we got to Mineola I was taken to the matron's room and they took Mickey to the morgue where he positively identified the corpse as that of his brother Stephen. They did not take me to the morgue.

I never saw Steve or his body after I got out of the taxicab in front of Stella's house two days before.

At four o'clock in the morning, an Assistant District Attorney appeared and started to ask me questions. He talked to me four or five hours, but he didn't get a thing out of me. I would just shake my head or nod at him. Finally he shouted at me:

"Are you so —— —— dumb, or are you just acting dumb?"

I smiled my sweetest at him and he lost his temper, jumped up and cried:

"Now, you —— ——, I'm going to make you talk."

"Who's a —— ——?" I asked him.

"You are," he said.

"Well, you are a —— ——— yourself."

That sort of staggered him and he bounced out of the room muttering and told the reporters next day that I was the "toughest girl in New York."

Nobody got a thing out of me and the judge held me as a material witness in $5,000. Next day to my astonishment my poor old hard-working mother, without a cent in the world, brought a bondsman from New York, who got me out. That was the gang's business, not hers, and I did not like it. But hardly had I gotten home to mother than they pinched me again and I found myself in the County Jail at Mineola.

There, for a couple of days, everyone who hadn't anything better to do fired questions at me with no result. Then I was taken to the office of District Attorney Edwards, where he and five assistants worked on me for a couple of hours. Finally Mr. Edwards chased out the other men, closed the door and, in a fatherly way, addressed a speech to me for about an hour.

He has a pleasant voice and it rolled on and on like a sermon. After a long while I interrupted him, saying

"All right, if you are ready, I will tell you everything I know."

You should have seen the look of triumph in his eye as he answered:

"There, I knew you would want to do right as soon as someone made you realize."

Realize, my eye! He did not realize that I hadn't heard a word of his argument. But he had been so gentle that it had given me time to think, and this is what I had reasoned:

Steve's murder had broken up my life. If I shielded the killers I would have to go back with the gang and become the sweetheart of Freddy or Harold, both of whom I now hated for what they had done, and that would not be all. Neither was competent to be our "lead-off" man, which meant that we would all get into trouble, and I might soon find myself facing anything—even a murder charge.

So I decided the best thing to do was to tell what I knew. I didn't know then the details of Steve's death.

It seems that after the boys had left me at my sister Stella's house they had the taxi drive them to my brother John's apartment. They told John that they needed a car to go hi-jacking on Long Island, and were too drunk to steal one,

Continued on Page Y2

The Dude Ranch Mystery — By Mark Plum

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CHARLIE SQUINLK, a cowboy [illegible] gets a letter, [illegible] to look [illegible] at Gil Ward's Bar W dude ranch is startled to hear a [illegible] Pete Heflin's address. [illegible] Pete leaves his horse back [illegible] the winding trail he finds a [illegible] broken body at the bottom [illegible] a slide.

A few minutes later Pete [illegible] Ward Foreman at the Bar W, [illegible] has gone up [illegible] job there [illegible] Charlie rides up. Then [illegible] the body. The two whose [illegible] Wood identify it as that of Sam Atkinson, a cowboy supposed to [illegible] Arizona old man Humphries. Heflin, Charlie says, is [illegible] to [illegible] about it much but [illegible] before dusting he saw [illegible] on the trail below. Ward gives him a job as [illegible] then notifies Pete [illegible] and Sheriff Ginger Mellon. Pete is convinced the man [illegible] murdered. He pauses at [illegible] to the discovery of a new [illegible] meeting and hears [illegible] throat indicate he might have been throttled from behind and tossed off the cliff to one of the ledges of the gulch. He [illegible] is leaving and the two [illegible] Nacklen to camp.

[illegible] Heflin, the secretary [illegible] Tapping, and [illegible] Atkinson, the murdered man's daughter, arrive at Manuel Rojo's [illegible] Pete at the ranch [illegible] Charlie in conversation with Pete [illegible] and overhears the [illegible] has done his [illegible] necessary when he [illegible]

[illegible] Ward [illegible] Pete [illegible] Black skirmish [illegible] might and he [illegible] Pete [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"Merrily it smacks on the tongue!" ...the snappy flavor of Creamed Old English Cheese

"Up betimes, and off to a Food Shop to get some of that savoury Cheese that so cheers my heart, and takes me back in memory to the old Coffee House I frequented in my King's England. While the clerk was busying himself with my order, I took occasion to tell a woman (young she was, and very pretty) of this Creamed Old English. 'Merrily it smacks on the tongue, Madam,' said I. And I made so bold as to offer her a package with my compliments."

IF a perfect stranger stops you in a food shop one of these days and starts rhapsodizing about a cheese with a rare tingle-on-the-tongue flavor—hearken! *He's discovered Kraft Creamed Old English!*

For many years cheese lovers have been asking for a "spreading" cheese that has all the rich savoriness of English Cheddar.

Our experts went to work on the problem. They blended rich sweet cream with finest Cheddar cheese. Using an entirely new method, exclusive with Kraft, they discovered a way to hold that snappy savor in a cheese product that is *wonderfully digestible* and that spreads as smoothly as butter!

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Top off tonight's dinner with crackers and Creamed Old English Cheese. It comes in the half-pound package—only 25c

When you've discovered this flavor that "smacks so merrily on the tongue", it's very likely you too will be tapping strangers on the shoulder—spreading the news about Kraft Creamed Old English. Of course, we'll appreciate that.

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Spreads—toasts beautifully!

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YOU ARE ONE of 5,500,000 families who regularly read The American Weekly—the most interesting weekly magazine in America.

The Dude Ranch Mystery — By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 14)

answered, his voice was very grave.

"I knew my father was in danger and that possibly yours was, too. I could have saved them if Tapping had told me when they were coming. Poor fellow! He's nearly broken-hearted over it. As soon as Ward told me, I started down to meet them. Ward had just said I was to pick up a Mr. Heflin, Atkinson and Atkinson's daughter at the station at seven and I had no idea your father was expected on an earlier train. I left the note for dad with Sam just on the slight chance that I might miss him. Then on the way down I found your father dying, with Charlie Squires blathering over his body."

"*Did* Charlie Squires kill him?"

"That cowardly pup! Scarcely! Blackmailing the real murderer is about his limit."

"He knows where your father is." Sally told Pete of what she had seen that afternoon

"I wondered how you happened to be on this trail tonight. So that was it. Plucky kid!" said Pete tenderly. "About Charlie; he'd found out a lot of stuff he thought he could get money for keeping dark. Stumbled over your father's body as he rode up to collect. Knowing what he did know, he *guessed* the murderer at once and was frightened. With your kind assistance—don't wince, darling. You couldn't help it—he decided to try to put the blame on to me, hoping that would still give him a chance to collect from the real villain and make his getaway. He kept his eyes open, too, and saw dad that night, getting knocked on the head as he came out, supposedly to meet me. Charlie trailed them to the cave, dad gagged and tied and led over a led horse. Later, Charlie let out what he knew to the man who had done it and demanded his money. Got shot instead. Maybe he became nervous, lying in bed and remembering what he had heard about the murderer. Perhaps he decided to help my father get away, hoping to get something out of him, as well as saving his own skin. I suppose dad wasn't interested in seeing anyone except the man who had killed your father, so simply kept still."

"Who did kill dad?" asked Sally, quietly

Fearing to reveal too abruptly the name of the man who had murdered her father, Pete hesitated, staring ahead of him into the black canyon depths. The rain had ceased, but it had left its chilly breath behind. He drew Sally close to him.

"Warm enough?" he asked, his lips close to her hair

"Oh, yes. Who killed my father, Pete?"

"I didn't mean to tell you until we were all safe out of here. Of course there isn't any more danger. I have his gun and he's probably beating it now for parts unknown. Still, I thought that could go until morning."

She waited

At last he yielded to her silent insistence

"That's why I quit the ranch. I knew he was out to get dad. I stayed as long as I did in order to keep in touch with the developments, but I didn't want actually to be working for him, drawing his pay, when I warned my father against him. So I quit. I don't believe he had the slightest notion why."

"But who...? I don't understand," said Sally, bewildered.

"Gil Ward," said Pete.

She sat upright, a startled, unbelieving figure.

"Gil Ward! You don't mean Gil Ward killed my father! You can't! Why, it's impossible"

"It's very nasty stuff," Pete answered soberly, "but it's not impossible. He was seen on the hillside the morning your father was killed. He needed money very badly and there was a third reason—the gratification of a certain devilish streak in his nature that I only learned of recently and by accident. Gil Ward killed your father and meant to kill mine. Probably thinks he is dead since he left him tied and without water. I don't know why he hasn't gone back to make sure of it. Possibly he learned from his partner, a crook named Jacobsen who knew Ward in Texas, that we had the land and that the game was played out. Although even that wouldn't explain his not making sure dad was dead," he added reflectively. "He's a killer, Ward is—with a record. Left Texas six or seven years ago, changed his name and settled down to being respectable. But he couldn't adapt to it. There's an insane streak somewhere in men like him; must be. They kill for pleasure."

"Oh, no!" cried Sally in horror. Her eyes were big and dark in her white face. Gil Ward the murderer! That quiet, dark, grim man. She remembered his gray, expressionless eyes, pale against his bronzed skin and dark hair. He had been her host. She had lived in the same house with him for days. He had followed her out on the trail; caught her. She could feel his fingers, still, on her throat. "Oh, no!" she cried again.

"I think he intended to run straight up here," Pete went on "No one suspected him. He is said to have come from a good family originally and to be decently educated. He is perfectly sane, a shrewd, self-controlled fellow in most things, though they tell me that the real killers, like the notorious Billy the Kid, are usually perfectly normal in everything but their love for taking human life. Ward might have gone along forever without his past being known. But he's bad! Bad, Sally! He took no pleasure in running straight. They called him 'The Strangler' in Texas because he preferred to use his fingers to a gun in his killings. Liked to feel the life going out of his victim. Charlie knew all that but he honestly thought he could bluff him. He'd learned all about him during the Winter he'd spent in Texas and actually came back to the Bar W to try to blackmail 'Strangler' White, alias Gil Ward! The fool! It must have been a nervous time for him, lying there in the ranch house, knowing that Ward had shot him and knowing that Ward knew that he knew he had shot him, and wondering how long it would be before his fingers closed on his throat."

"He always kept a gun under his pillow."

"That wouldn't have saved him if Ward hadn't preferred to get him out of the house before he got rid of him permanently. If Charlie had been murdered there, Ward would have had entirely too much publicity. As it was, he'd barely managed to keep his picture out of the papers. He'd dyed his hair when he came north, but if any of his old Texas acquaintances saw his portrait, it would have been all up, and he knew it."

"Where did you learn all th—" asked Sally.

"Stumbled onto the first bit of it by accident. It's a curious chain of coincidence when you think of it. I was at Bar W, so Tapping planned to steer my father here in order to stage a reconciliation. He had written your father the meeting would be here. A crook named Jacobsen guessed something of what Atkinson had discovered and tried to track him. One time when Charlie came to Oklahoma City to place orders for some supplies this Jacobsen person warmed up to him and learned that he was planning a vacation shortly at the Bar W Ranch. Either guessed or found out some way that your father was to meet him here and surmised that the rendezvous was for the purpose of laying their plans. He came up here to nose around—perhaps he meant to have a try for their papers his own self—but the first thing he did was to stumble across 'Strangler' White, wanted in Texas for at least four murders. Simplified matters for Jacobsen, though he claims that he never contemplated the death of anyone. Just wanted White to get the necessary information out of our respective parents and forward it to him for use, after which they would split the profits

(Continued on Page 20)

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186 PRIZES

5 First Prizes of . . $1000 each
4 Second Prizes of . . $500 each
2 Third Prizes of . . . $250 each
5 Fourth Prizes of . . $100 each
10 Fifth Prizes of . . . $50 each
20 Sixth Prizes of . . . $25 each
60 Seventh Prizes of $10 each
and 80 Prizes of . . . . . $5 each

This Budweiser Malt Title Contest is Open Until Midnight June 15, 1932

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST

1 You are not required to buy anything.

2 Write your title with your name and address plainly on one side of paper only, preferably on a sheet of paper the exact size of a Budweiser Malt label

3 You can use more than one word for your title

4 Do not use the word "Teamwork" in connection with your entry

5 No titles will be accepted that bear a postmark later than midnight June 15, 1932

6 In case of ties, full amount of award will be paid to each of the tying contestants

7 Do not enter more than two titles.

8 Suggestions must be mailed to "Budweiser Malt Contest," Anheuser-Busch, Inc. St. Louis.

Important: *If you send a Budweiser Malt can label with your entry you will receive an attractive Budweiser Malt novelty savings bank, regardless of whether or not you win one of the 186 prizes. These little banks will be sent to every contestant who sends a label. But remember, it is not necessary to send a label to enter the contest or to win a prize.*

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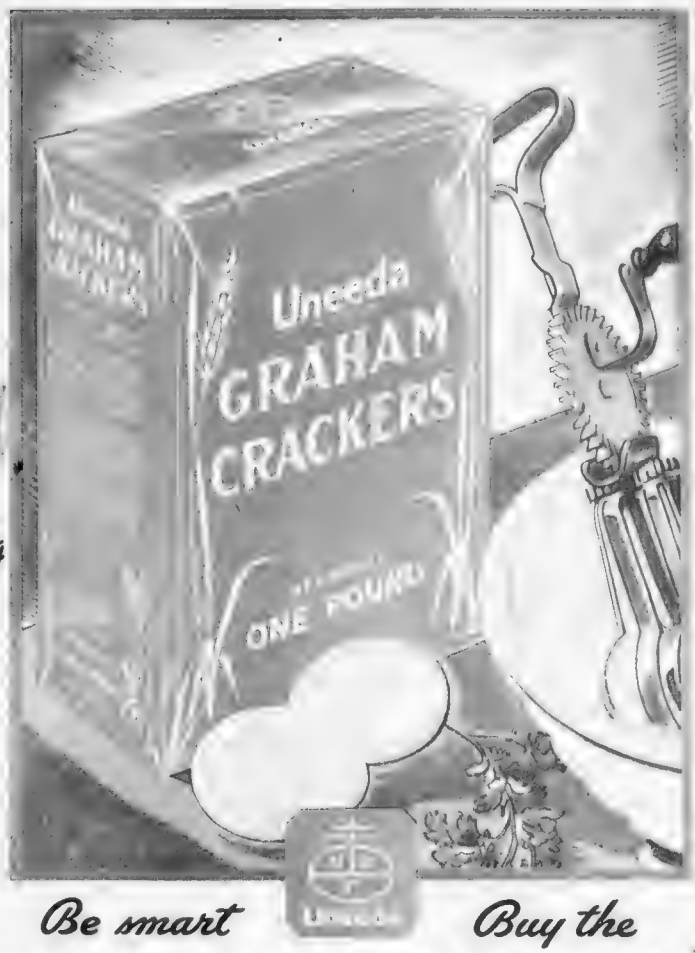
Cooler Cooking



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Meet the biggest-selling soda cracker in the world, folks—Premium Flake Crackers. And may we add, "One of the most useful crackers for cooler summer cooking"? Three work-saving recipes are right on the side of the big, one-pound, money-saving box. Coupon brings you whole bookful, free.

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Cooler Cooking

WILT not, fair lady. Your Uneeda Baker friends have some refreshing news to tell you... all about cracker cookery, the sure way for cooks to keep cool this summer!

Right out of a bright red box comes the first tip for cooler cooking. *Uneeda Grahams.* "And milk!" Yes, that's a cool thought, but there are scores of other hot-weather uses for these crisp, flavorful crackers. They simplify dozens of summer dishes, are made to order for ice-box desserts. Yes, even the making of a pie crust becomes (believe it or not) a breezy, five-minute affair!

Now open a box of Premium Flake Crackers. Presto! More menu magic! Soufflés, meat loaves, egg and fish dishes fly together when you start them with Premium Flakes. That's time saved, work saved, *cool cooking!*

Why not let the Uneeda Bakers leaders bring *you* new delights, better meals, real economies and simple short-cuts? A whole bookful of summer cooking tricks is yours for the asking. Make this a cool and comfortable summer in *your* kitchen by sending the coupon now for the new "Summer Book of Menu Magic."

Be smart *Buy the*

UNEEDA BAKERS LEADERS

BOSTON BEAN BAKE

2 *cups baked beans*	20 *Uneeda Graham Crackers, crumbled*
1 *onion, minced*	1 *cup tomato sauce*
1 *tbsp. horseradish*	*Salt and pepper*
1 *tbsp. butter or bacon fat*	3 *strips bacon*
2 *eggs*	

Mash beans, add onion, horseradish, 1 tbsp. melted butter, crumbled crackers, tomato sauce and salt and pepper to taste. Blend with slightly beaten egg. Place in greased baking dish and arrange bacon on top. Bake in a hot oven (425°F.) 15 minutes. 6 portions. Preparation, 10 minutes. (If beans in tomato sauce are used, the extra cup of sauce may be omitted.)

Here's a
"MEAL-IN-A-MINUTE" TIP
for Torrid Days

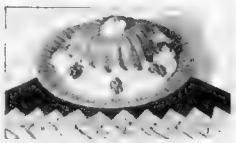
MELON BALL CUP

BROILED LAMB CHOPS
MINT JELLY CUBES ON UNEEDA BUTTER WAFERS
PARSLEY POTATOES
BUTTERED SQUASH

CUCUMBER AND RADISH SALAD

*CHOCOLATE PREMIUM BAVARIAN

COFFEE



***CHOCOLATE PREMIUM BAVARIAN**

1 *tbsp. gelatine*	½ *cup sugar*
¼ *cup cold water*	1 *tsp. vanilla*
½ *cup scalded milk*	3 *tbsp. cocoa*
10 *Premium Flake Crackers, crumbled*	1 *cup cream*

Soak gelatine in water 5 minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add hot scalded milk to crumbled crackers and combine with gelatine, sugar, vanilla and cocoa. Beat well and cool. Fold in the whipped cream. Turn into mould. Place in refrigerator. When firm, unmould and serve with or without added whipped cream. 6 portions. Preparation, 10 minutes.

HERE it is, right off the press, and all ready with dozens of tips for cooler summer cooking. Send for it now. There's no charge. Just your name and address on this coupon, and the "Summer Book of Menu Magic" comes to you promptly.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
449 West 14th Street, Dept. E, New York, N.Y.

Your promise of cooler cooking has certainly won me. Please send the "Summer Book of Menu Magic" to

NAME

STREET

CITY AND STATE.

(Please print)

SUMMER DAYS

demand special care of hair and scalp

Men — keep well groomed! Ladies—be most attractive! Care of hair now easy with Herpicide. Enjoy summer sports, and still have radiant and beautiful hair. Keep your hair — and keep it attractive —with this original scalp germicide. Write today for copy of "Hair Saving Suggestions."

NEWBRO'S **Herpicide**

THE HERPICIDE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich. [illegible]

Please send "Hair Saving Suggestions." (Enclose 10 cents if you want liberal Herpicide sample.)

Name ______

Address ______

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non sectarian magazines combined?

The Callater Treasure By Roy Vickers

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

CHAPTER IV.

Escape.

WHEREVER people congregated, on the street, at their clubs, in their homes, Callater and his fabulous treasure was the chief topic of conversation. His outburst in court created a sensation that lasted quite a long time. The worldly-wise pretended not to take it seriously. They said that Callater knew that he would probably not live through his sentence; so it would not matter if the sentence were doubled or trebled, provided that he could make a sensational exit from public life.

Nevertheless, there was a fascinating uncertainty about the whole thing. Was the story of the hidden millions a lie? Where, after all, could a man hide five million dollars in gold nowadays—to say nothing of half that much worth of stolen goods?

There were dozens of good reasons for believing that he had accused himself out of mere swagger. But there were just one or two reasons for believing that he might have been telling the truth.

During the week that followed his conviction the matter was constantly in the papers. A deputation of shareholders waited on the Home Secretary, urging him to give Callater a chance to prove his words. The fact that he was in prison, they pointed out, was not as satisfactory to the defrauded shareholders as would have been the return of their money. But as any move in this direction would have meant that the government would have had to bargain with a convict, they got nothing for their trouble.

One enterprising young man formed a syndicate to search for the hidden treasure, inviting all those who had been defrauded to subscribe. Money rolled in and a staff of expert detectives was set to trace Callater's movements from early infancy. Their investigations were published from time to time. They found conclusive proof that the treasure existed, but no evidence whatever of its whereabouts.

The treasure, with all its complicated legal problems, was still a topic of public interest ten months later when Callater made his escape from Dartmoor Prison.

The escape took place just before noon on a hot day in early Summer. This fact alone gave a special grievance to the two warders in immediate charge of the person of Callater.

From the warders' point of view—a fog is the accepted time for a prisoner to attempt escape. One of your gang slips out of your line of vision, then takes to his heels and is presently picked up at one of the farms. A proper convict does not, in bright sunlight, within fifty yards of the gates of the prison, tell you that he is about to leave Dartmoor—and proceed to leave it.

It was just their rough luck to be in charge of Callater—a duty that in a few short months had come to be dreaded by the entire staff.

It was not that Callater in himself was unpopular. It was merely that the prison system had not been designed for men like him—and it failed to assimilate him. Discipline crumbled before him—the more inevitably because he was obviously trying hard to do all that was required of him. The stupidest warder could see that he was not really insubordinate.

There had been punishments at first—he had been degraded from the star class to the labor gangs (which he greatly preferred). But no amount of punishment could give him the convict point of view. He could neither talk nor even look like a convict—he looked like a prosperous company promoter dressed up as a convict to amuse the children.

Gradually he had come to be allowed a good deal of license. In the gangs, warder and convicts alike laughed at his stories—and the senior officers wisely pretended they did not know.

On the day of the escape the gang as usual had been working on a quarry some half a mile distant from the prison. There were eight of them, in charge of two armed warders, dragging the hand-cart that contained their tools. They were all very hot and tired as they trudged slowly along the winding road.

As they turned the last bend that brought them in sight of the prison gates, a large limousine,

(Continued on Page 19)

See! Now I Can REMOVE HAIR twice as easy

NO RAZOR RISK

FREE Trial Tube Write Today

Bristly regrowth delayed

Delatone Cream makes it easier to remove superfluous hair—takes only 2 to 3 minutes. Used on arms, underarms and legs, it leaves skin hair-free, clean and smooth as satin. The whiteness and mild, pleasant fragrance of Delatone Cream appeal instantly. It is the reliable, quality depilatory made by a patented formula owned and used exclusively by us. Ask for and insist on having

DEL-A-TONE

The *White* Cream Hair-remover

Big economy tubes 50c and $1. Delatone Powder $1 jars only. At drug and department stores or sent prepaid upon receipt of price.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FREE [illegible] Write Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company [illegible] Dept. 15, [illegible] St., Chicago, Ill.

Man..what a bargain!

Start saving cigarette money with this

TARGET THRIFT KIT

Two Pkgs. Target @ 10¢ *each* . 20¢
Target Roller . . . . . . 25¢
80 Special Gummed Papers *Free*
A Convenient Pocket Case *Free*
Actual value 45¢

Now—yours for . . . . 25¢
at your dealer's

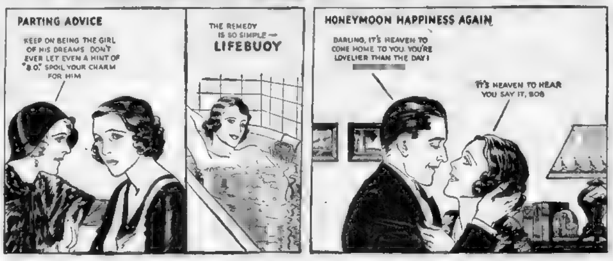
THINK OF IT! For a mere 25-cent investment you can enjoy cigarettes made with the Target Roller that look just like ready-mades and taste *better*. Target is the best cigarette tobacco you ever tasted. And you'll save over fifty cents a week on your smoking. That's some saving! No wonder America is going Target! See your nearest tobacco dealer to get in on this big bargain. If he hasn't the Thrift Kit in stock, write direct to us; we'll send one by return mail, plus 5c shipping cost.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.—Dept. T-3, Louisville, Ky.

Send me a Target Thrift Kit, including all items pictured above. I enclose 30 cents in stamps as full payment, delivered.

Name ______
Address ______
Town ______ *State* ______

A JUNE BRIDE'S MISTAKE . . . by ALBERT DORNE

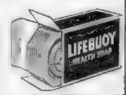


"B.O." is unforgivable
(body odor)

LOVE overlooks many a fault—but never this one! In social or business contacts, too, people instantly notice and resent the least hint of "B.O." (*body odor*). Yet it's so easy to be guilty *and not know it*, especially these hot summer days when we perspire more freely. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, penetrating lather *purifies* pores—stops "B.O." Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Lifebuoy's pleasant, hygienic scent, vanishes as you rinse.

A real beauty aid

Complexions bloom with new loveliness under Lifebuoy's gentle, yet thorough cleansing. Dull skins freshen to clear, healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

A whiter wash with less work — by C.A. Voight

"Rinso is so economical!" says Mrs. F. E. Blood of Washington, D. C.

"RINSO gets clothes white with little or no work! And it's so economical. This is what I washed with the last big package I used:

2 bedspreads	15 linen towels	2 overalls
3 bureau scarfs	6 dish towels	3 men's pajamas
6 face cloths	50 handkerchiefs	18 shirts
9 napkins	1 child's nightgown	2 dresses
8 pillow cases	5 children's dresses	1 nightgown
4 sheets	7 pairs children's stockings	8 men's underwear
2 table-cloths	3 suits children's underwear	20 pairs socks
6 bath towels	1 nightshirt	

"I also cleaned the woodwork in three rooms, kept the sink and tubs clean for 8 days and did all the dishes for the same period. That's why I'm for Rinso!"

A little Rinso gives a lot of thick suds. Try it. See how much work one BIG box will do for you.

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

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SMILE—AMERICA—SMILE

Go after one of these
WONDERFUL PRIZES

Just send us a snapshot

Find an interesting, bright, happy, smiling face and win a prize. Photographic quality doesn't count. It's the smile that will win.

THREE—
$200 COMPLETE HOME MOVIE OUTFITS to be awarded each week as major prizes for the three best smile pictures submitted. These outfits include the famous CINE-KODAK Motion Picture Camera, AGFA ANSCO Projector and 100 feet of Agfa film

373 PRIZES EVERY WEEK
for 12 weeks

● Everyone is Smile Hunting these days to win one of the 4477 prizes which are being awarded in the Iodent-Agfa $25,000 Smile contest to find the "Brightest Smile in America".

Total value of prizes is over $25,000. No hard work—no writing—just snap a bright smile—your own—the baby's—anyone's smile—and send it in to the Iodent Company, Detroit, with your name and the name and address of your druggist on the back. *Also include an empty Iodent Tooth Paste carton (No. 1 or No. 2) or a handmade facsimile of either one.*—Contest closes midnight August 6. In case of a tie advertised awards will be paid to each tying contestant.

Get details at your druggist's

IODENT-*Agfa*
MAY 15 to AUG. 6
$25,000 *Smile* CONTEST

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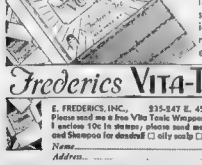
CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

"One of the irresistible features of appealing charm and loveliness is soft, alluring wavy hair, says Constance Cummings. I advise women everywhere to secure a soft, flowing permanent wave with the Frederics Vita Tonic Process."

Soft, lustrous, wavy hair — the appealing beauty you've longed for — can be yours if you demand a Genuine Vita Tonic Permanent Wave. Make sure you get it . . . Mail us the coupon below and we will send you a free Vita Tonic Wrapper, an interesting booklet on the care of your hair, and a complete list of hairdressers in your vicinity who give Genuine Vita Tonic Waves. Take the Vita Tonic Wrapper with you when going for your permanent. Compare it with the wrappers used by your hairdresser . . . assure yourself of getting a genuine Vita Tonic Wave . . . **see that no harmful imitations are used.**

LOOK FOR THIS WRAPPER when having your permanent wave



FREE . . . If you will send us 10c in postage to cover our mailing expense, we will also send you a tube of Frederics Vita Tonic Scalp Treatment and a tube of Frederics Vita Tonic Shampoo.

Frederics VITA-TONIC WAVES

E. FREDERICS, INC., 535-547 E. 45th ST., NEW YORK CITY, DEPT 801
Please send me a free Vita Tonic Wrapper, booklet and list of Hairdressers ☐
I enclose 10c in stamps; please send me free Frederics Vita Tonic Scalp Treatment and Shampoo for dandruff ☐ oily scalp ☐ Dyed and bleached hair ☐.
Name..... City.....
Address..... State.....

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly—on next to the last page.

The Callater Treasure

By Roy Vickers

(Continued from Page 18)

coming from the direction of Tavistock, crawled past them.

Callater glanced anxiously at the limousine.

"Ah, here we are!" he exclaimed with relief. "Here are my friends. Boys, the only thing that hurts me is that I can't take you all with me."

"Now then!" cautioned the senior of the two warders whose name was Stedder. He had not taken the words seriously but something of what was about to happen flashed into his mind as the limousine stopped in front of them.

"I'm sorry it's happened to you, Stedder," said Callater. "Yours have been good men. But you know me now. I'll make it quite clear through the press that you're not to blame. I shall accept full responsibility—"

"What the—"

Three men had sprung from the limousine. They were wearing masks. They were carrying revolvers. Jumping before the two warders could swing their carbines they had a revolver apiece pressed into the pit of the stomach.

"Don't you guys move," advised the leader. "We're going to do this job without bloodshed if you'll let us."

He stood in the middle of the road in readiness to deal with any outside interference, while the two others relieved the warders of their carbines. He waved his hand. From behind the limousine a roadster approached, driven by a man in a white dustcoat, also wearing a mask.

"Jump to it, Mr. Callater."

Callater wriggled himself into the roadster without flurry or haste.

"Good-by, everybody. Good-by, boys," he called without the faintest touch of bravado as the roadster started forward in a [illegible] direction of Tavistock.

"All clear!" snapped the driver. "Don't forget those carbines we'll take 'em along for a souvenir."

Almost before Stedder could realize that he was no longer covered with a revolver, the limousine was speeding to the village of Princetown, a quarter of a mile away. At the crossroads it turned left and headed for Exeter.

Shouting to his colleague to take charge of the guns, Stedder ran to the prison gates and gave the alarm.

Princetown Prison is a trifle over seven miles distant from Tavistock. The moorland road is so tortuous the surface so bad—that the fastest car could scarcely reach Tavistock in less than fifteen minutes.

Within two minutes the governor's car with Warder Stedder and four armed colleagues was in pursuit.

"Hi! Step up," shouted Stedder.

"We're doing plenty. No good busting a spring," grunted the driver.

"What's the hurry, mate?" laughed one of the others. "They're on the phone to Tavistock. The police can block the road in four minutes from the word 'go.'"

"Thought old Callater 'ud 'ave more sense'" said another. "He don't stand a blinkin' earthly chance of gettin' further'n Tavistock."

That was the general opinion. In something less than ten minutes—before the fastest car could escape—every exit from the Moor could be blocked. They believed then that it was utterly impossible for Callater to escape. Their one anxiety was to prevent the Tavistock police from making the capture and getting a laugh at their expense.

Five minutes passed. Eight minutes. The car was bumping along over the rough road—the prison was some five miles behind then—when Warder Stedder cried out:

"Crikey! That's the roadster. In the ditch there!"

There, indeed, lay the abandoned car, two of its wheels in a ditch three feet deep. Wheel tracks showed that the brake had been suddenly applied and the car had skidded in the mud.

By the side of the road the moorland dipped into a furze-grown hollow and rose, a hundred yards distant, in a steep mound. Fringing the mound, on the moorland side, was a skimpy wood, covering less than an acre.

By the wood, a young man in tweeds waved with a fishing rod and shouted.

Led by Stedder, the warders ran towards the young man in tweeds.

"Your man is amongst the bushes somewhere," he told them, speaking with a military intonation. "He ran in about a couple of minutes ago—and he hasn't come out."

"Thank you, sir," said Stedder. He began to give directions to the others for surrounding the wood, but stopped as one of them shouted:

"There he is! He's right at the top o' that tree—that big 'un over there. Shouldn't 'a thought he could 'a done it in the time—at his age."

The Tavistock police would accomplish nothing — all anxiety was therefore at an end. The warders became severely official and, headed by Stedder, advanced to the foot of the tree.

Some thirty feet above their heads was clearly visible the nether half of the human anatomy, clothed in prison attire.

"Thinks the whole of 'im is" [illegible] one of the warders.

"Come down from that tree 235," barked Stedder in his most official voice, but received no answer. "Think I can't see you, 227? If you don't come down I'll fire at your legs."

Still there came no answer. Stedder borrowed a carbine and, taking a careful wide aim, fired.

"No good, mate! Old Callater knows you daren't hit him now we've got 'im."

"He knows a blamed sight too much if he knows what blinkin' good he'll do himself by sticking up there," growled Stedder. Then, abandoning the official attitude, he cupped his hands and shouted:

"Look 'ere, Callater—what's the good of it? You're simply keepin' us from our dinners for nothink." Silence unbroken. "All right, then—you've overdone it this time, Callater—you see if you 'aven't—when you get back."

Stedder became official again. "One of you go back to the car and report," he ordered.

At the moment when Eddy, the young man in tweeds with a fishing rod, was hailing the warders, Callater himself, badly out of breath, was lying in the furze-grown hollow.

He took no bearings. He then crawled between the furze until he came to an iron trap, marked "Devon County Council," of the kind that is used to cover the small reservoirs dotted about the Moor to supply water to the [illegible]

[illegible] a little he raised the trap. Into the [illegible] ball-valve and other mechanism for controlling water. These he knew, were mere stage-properties. With a grunt he lifted the whole thing on a hinge exactly as he had lifted the trap.

"Very neat little job o' work!" [illegible] Now for the [illegible] ladder."

Underneath the second trap was an iron ladder on which [illegible] he climbed, he managed to lower himself.

An upright ladder was a serious problem to a man of Callater's build. He began to descend one foot at a time until his head was below the level of the ground.

"Now what about that lever? Ah, here it is!"

Clinging very tightly with one hand, he used the other to pull a lever, which resulted in the trap closing above his head with a faint thud on its rubber cushions.

He was now in a light so gloomy that he could see nothing. He clung to the ladder, horribly afraid of falling off, though he knew that there could only be a foot or two more before he reached the floor of the concrete chamber that had been built for him. Here he would shave, dress, take a little refreshment and, when the signal was given, emerge at his leisure as an ordinary [illegible]

[illegible] more than the [illegible] more," he [illegible] himself and mentioned one of them.

He was about to tackle the next rung when he stopped dead, holding his breath, clinging [illegible] to the ladder.

He had become aware of a human presence in the chamber—[illegible] it was no part of the [illegible] there should be anyone in the chamber to meet him.

"Hullo, there!" he cried [illegible] Who [illegible] got on with [illegible]

CHAPTER V.

Murder.

[illegible] was reported at the prison that Callater had climbed a tree and [illegible] refused to come down, the cordon [illegible] had already surrounded [illegible] dismissed by telephone and [illegible] lorry, containing [illegible] to Warder Stedder.

When the ladder was placed in position it was promptly kicked aside. Nearly an hour had passed before it became clear that it was impossible to place the ladder effectively in any position from which it could not be dislodged by a kick. It was as if the tree had been specially chosen for the peculiar difficulties it offered to the effective placing of a ladder.

In the meantime news had spread of the escape and the identity of the fugitive. First, [illegible] then a [illegible] arrived. Police were drafted to deal with

(Continued on Page 23)

Whatever may be your desires for the future or your obstacles at present, the Rosicrucian teachings will give you MASTERSHIP OVER YOURSELF and your condition. In every land thousands have proved this.

Develop Your Latent Abilities

If you are a sincere seeker for a better life and a clear understanding of why you were born, send for a free copy of this private book. It explains how you may receive the same Rosicrucian teachings as they are now used by [illegible]. Write a letter and a postcard to: Scribe L. P. E.

ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
AMORC
SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA
The initial letters AMORC indicate the Original Rosicrucian Teachings

If Motoring Makes Your Eyes Burn . . .
do this for quick relief!

When you return from motoring or other outdoor exposure with hot, burning, bloodshot eyes, here's the way to get quick, safe relief. Simply apply a few drops of harmless *Murine* and the irritation and redness will disappear as a gift.*

Remember, too, that Murine is the favorite eye clear [illegible] famous stage and [illegible] daily, it keeps eyes [illegible] and alluring. 150 applications [illegible] 60c at drug and department [illegible] Contains no belladonna!

MAKE THIS TEST! *Drop Murine in one eye only . . . then note how [illegible] and brighter it becomes and how [illegible] better it feels!*

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

TRUE stories of real people make this and other issues of The American Weekly supreme human interest

Are you facing it AGAIN?

Calendar FEAR, the forerunner of shattered nerves . . . health . . . happiness . . . *Calendar FEAR*, the disturber of those normal functions of the delicate feminine organism . . . *Calendar FEAR*, the price of improper marriage hygiene.

Yet, Calendar fear is so unnecessary . . . so easy to guard against . . . Simply practise, regularly and intelligently, intimate feminine hygiene as approved by leading physicians throughout the world. They endorse "Lysol" disinfectant as a safe feminine antiseptic. "Lysol" is effective because it retains its full germ-killing power even in the presence of organic matter . . . This is in striking contrast to certain chlorine compounds which [illegible] and most of their potency under the same conditions.

"Lysol" is safe . . . soothing . . . healing. Unlike many so-called non-poisonous antiseptics, "Lysol" contains no free caustic alkali to sear, burn and deaden live tissue . . . Your druggist [illegible] your doctor approves it. [illegible] and faithfully according to [illegible] for intimate feminine cleanliness . . . and forget your calendar fears.

"Lysol" is economical. A treatment costs less than one cent . . . "Lysol" is penetrative . . . "Lysol" is active and cleansing . . . "Lysol" has enjoyed the complete endorsement of the medical profession for more than 40 years.

Lysol Disinfectant

PLAIN ANSWERS TO WOMEN'S UNSPOKEN QUESTIONS

[illegible]

LYSOL, E. FOUGERA & CO., Inc., [illegible]
Please send me, free, [illegible] Facts About Feminine Hygiene
Name
Street
City

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New Treatment for CORNS

Ends Pain at Once—Quickly Removes Corns!

It stops pain instantly. It relieves pressure of new or tight shoes. It heals sore toes. It safely loosens and removes corns and callouses in 2 days! All in the simplest, safest, most scientific manner ever known!

Complete Treatment

The addition of new specially *Medicated Disks*, included in every box of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads at no extra cost, makes this double-acting treatment the most thorough and economical ever perfected. Use these thin Disks in conjunction with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and your corns and all toe-troubles will be ended. At all drug and shoe stores. Get a box today.

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

Don't Let Wrinkles, Lines Make You Look Old Try This Secret... FREE

Gift of Your Local Dealer

LOOK YOUNGER WITH SEM-PRAY "The 3-Minute Beauty Treatment"

AMAZING NEW BEAUTY OVERNIGHT

TAKES PLACE OF ELABORATE METHODS

For New Beauty OVERNIGHT—Use Sem-Pray Cream

Sem-Pray FREE Send Today

Mail coupon now for generous trial package Sem-Pray Cream. With instructions, picture of results and Free Powder FREE

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Suite 1618-S, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Please send me FREE trial package Sem-Pray Cream and Free Powder FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Her HAIR was STREAKED with GRAY

After 30 every woman's hair gets a bit "streaky." That's the time to easily get rid of those first telltale threads of gray, no one the wiser. Women with modern ideas are not hesitating to keep ALL their hair one even shade by using the most modern type of preparation—clean, odorless, not greasy—that leaves a soft, youthful shade and of so NATURAL a texture a hairdresser cannot detect it. Any shade. Harmless as your lipstick. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICALS
19 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapper.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field

New Treatment for CORNS

The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 16)

evenly. However, there is such a thing as an accessory both before and after the fact. When I pointed out to Jacobsen the position in which he had placed himself by tying up with a man like 'Strangler' in such a deal, he wilted like a lettuce leaf on a kitchen stove.

"It was a rather coincidence, a lucky one, that took me into Lake Miller's rug store one day about two weeks ago. I heard two men talking in back room and recognized Ward's voice. Was going to speak to him when I heard my father's name. I stopped, without thinking, and the voice said: 'Known I was going to meet his daughter at the Bar W.' Heflin will be there as well. That will be our chance to get the papers.'

"I didn't hear any more but took pains to see them when they came out. I recognized the Jacobsen fellow from having seen him when I was a Texas and knew him for a ruthless sort of a crook. Ward was the man with him. I began doing inquiring about my employer, not taking it too seriously, at first and ran again—the queer fact that no one knew a deed thing about him before he got to Colorado. I tried to cheer on Jim enough Jacobsen to Wrote to a friend of mine Texas, a sheriff down there describing both of the men and asking him to learn anything he could about the one called Ward. Got an answer just the day before did came to the ranch. Jim told me a lot more about Jacobsen than I knew and said that the other fellow sounded a whole lot like a man known as 'Strangler' White. Told me something about his career. Said his hair had been brown down there but that hair dye was cheap. Advised me to watch the man's eyes. Jim said they were light gray, as I had observed, and had a habit of going blank and cold like a snake's eyes when he was thinking. 'Regular killer's eyes.'"

Sally put her hand up to her torn and bruised throat. A little tear took her.

Pete released her and stood up, stretching his tall height. "It's three o'clock," he said, looking at the luminous dial of his watch. "We've been here a couple of hours. It will be light soon. Better get a move on, darling. Sure you're all right?"

"Quite all right, Pete."

"The fellow's miles away from here by now. He knows the game is up and if he has any sense at all, he's beating it as fast as he can. Ginger'll get him sooner or later, of course, but not around here. There's nothing to be afraid of."

Sally rose and slipped her arm under his.

"I'm not afraid," she answered quietly. "Let's go."

CHAPTER XXV.

In the Cave.

THEY reached the little clearing above the cave. Pete whistled an old tune.

"Signal stuff," he explained. "I told him that anyone who didn't know enough to give him 'Everybody Works But Father' was an enemy."

An answering whistle came from below. Sally recognized another old college tune, "Pat and Mollie Dee Till the Bills," and smiled at the musical repartee.

"Let down out."

"That you, Pete?"

"Yes. How's the ass, Pete?"

"Coming down. Hold that rope boldly, will you, while my fingers come down? She want to see you now."

There was a minute silence below.

"He's out," Pete murmured. "Thanks. I've taken an awful beating. Better get busy."

"He good to her dad," he shouted again. "She's a little shy."

A loop in the end of the rope made a seat for Sally and he guided it away from the rocks with his feet as one hand. Pete held the other end to a tree so that it was not necessary for him to hold it. Sally could not tell for sure, but it seemed slowly long full length along the rocky ledge before it from the shadow of the cave. Mr. Heflin helped her to alight.

"Honey, you're a brick," he exclaimed, and Sally could see him in the grey light that precedes the dawn. "Are you going to marry my boy, Sally?"

"He's not," she smiled.

"I always knew he was no-no," said Mr. Heflin, beaming at her with great affection. "He hid the fact for a long time but it seems to be coming to the top."

She slipped her arm under his and turned to the cave. It was a small place, not more than ten feet deep by six wide. There were some boxes and cans piled at one side of it and the floor was covered with cigar stubs.

"Cozy, isn't it?" said Heflin with some pride. "Pete lugged all of this stuff up the hill to me."

"You call him Pete?"

"From the time he was eight, he refused to answer to his own name, Stubborn, self-willed brat, he was," said Mr. Heflin fondly. "He detested the name of Claude but it was his mother's choice—I she died when he was born. Sally, —so I tried to stick to it. He wouldn't have it, though."

"I like Pete best myself."

"Oh, so do I," he admitted. "He added Black to the Pete part of it when he came out here. Short for 'Blackie-p,' he told me the other night. We had a great yarn. I haven't been quite fair to my boy, Sally."

"I think you were," she told him. "And what's more, he thinks so now."

"It's been good for him, being on his own like this," acknowledged Heflin with a sigh. "I wanted to give him too much to start with and then shut down on him too suddenly. He was a rapscallion, good-for-nothing kid before he came out here. He's grown up now. He's a man, Sally."

"Oh, yes."

They smiled at each other. There was a scraping and sliding against the rocks outside.

"Get back!" cried Pete, springing suddenly into the cave and shoving both of them away from the entrance. "Get back against the wall. Ward's across the canyon waiting for the light to pick us off. That devil! He'd rather lose his own chance of escape than let us get away."

Heflin peered out cautiously. The first rays of the sun glinted upon the topmost trees of the hillside. There was a sharp crack. A tiny cloud of smoke floated up from the rocks opposite them. A splinter of rock flew from the side of the cliff's face. Pete caught Sally around the waist and laid her gently on the cave floor.

"Look out, dad," warned Pete.

There was another crack from outside the cave, a twanging snap from inside it.

"He's got one of the water cans," said Humphrey Heflin quietly. "Better put her behind you, Pete, and keep as close to the wall as possible. There'll be splinters flying." He tossed out a blanket. "Cover her with this. It'll protect her from the small bits anyway and the bullets can't reach her if she keeps still."

He hunched himself with the boxes and cans, piling them into a barricade at the front of the cave. Pete lent a hand.

"No. Stay where you are, Sally! And you, dad, get back and keep yourself flat against the wall. No sense in exposing yourself."

"It's not much good," said Humphrey, eyeing with disgust the tiny barricade. "He's got a rifle."

"He only had a pistol when I met him and I get that. Thought it would be all right. Ginger was headed for the ranch and he couldn't have gone back there after another gun."

"Must have had a cache somewhere. Does Ginger know where this cave is?"

"I told him it was in Doom Canyon."

"Humph! That's five miles long. He has to go to the ranch first and even if he comes here as soon as he finds his bird has flown, he can't make it for several hours yet. What's the range, Pete?"

"Over a hundred yards."

"Our revolvers won't do us much good."

"Not a bit. I'll have a try, though, first time he reloads."

With clicks against the tin of the water cans and tiny thuds as they penetrated the boxes, the bullets continued coming. Occasionally, a louder crack denoted the chipping off of some splinters of rock; sometimes inside the cave, sometimes at its entrance.

"Ye gods!" cried Humphrey irritably. "The man's a blooming sharpshooter!"

"Oh, yes. I told you he was a killer."

Another bullet skidded along the ceiling of the cave, sending small chips of stone in every direction. Pete pressed Sally down close to the wall. "Don't try to sit up, for your face—so. The bullets can't touch us if we keep out of line with the entrance. But flying bits of stone like that can cut one up quite a lot." He

(Continued on Page 21)

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ODO·RO·NO

The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 20)

drew the blanket more closely over her. "Look out for your eyes, dad."

"Go teach your granny to suck eggs, boy."

"Ping! Ping! Ping! Ping!" Nine shots; a moment to reload; another round of bullets. The shots were cutting into the boxes of canned goods and battering the water tins into shapelessness.

"Wonder how much ammunition he's got?" mused Humphrey.

"Plenty."

There was a temporary cessation of the fusillade. Pete drew out his gun and examined it.

"No, you don't, son. A pistol won't carry accurately for that range and you'll only get yourself hit."

"But we can't just stay here being punctured."

"He hasn't punctured anyone yet, has he?"

With a sound like the snap of a whip, a bullet struck the farther wall and ricochetted. Sally drew up her leg sharply.

"Hit!" asked Pete anxiously.

"No."

"She's lying," said Humphrey Heflin. "Little idiot!" There was the same tenderness in his voice that Pete's had contained when he had termed her "little redhead." Unlike Charlie Squires, the Heflins, father and son, preferred their women spunky.

Pete stripped off the blanket and examined the wound. The bullet had not penetrated deeply, but the flesh on the surface was badly torn. Humphrey, peering across the cave, swore vividly.

Pete said nothing. His lips were set and his jaw stood out prominently. He tore up a handkerchief and cared for the wound, staying the lightweight linen with an outer covering of flannel from his sleeve.

"It doesn't hurt at all," said Sally. She lied. There was something in the expression on her lover's face that disquieted her.

"Didn't go in far. Lost a good deal of its pep by the time it hit the wall and bounced back through the blanket. Nuisance, that's all," said Humphrey, likewise perturbed and for the same reason.

Pete finished the bandaging and lay down on the floor. He edged toward the barricade, holding his pistol in front of him.

"Don't be a blasted fool, Pete!" snapped his father.

There were several shots. Pete counted. "Seven, eight, nine," he said, and instantly raised himself, craned his head through the entrance and fired in return six times. The marksman across the canyon answered promptly and Pete withdrew, grumbling.

"Missed."

"He didn't miss you." Humphrey's sharp eyes had noted a tiny crimson stream trickling down Pete's arm.

"Nicked, that's all."

"Maybe it'll teach you to let well enough alone."

"If that entrance hole were a little more narrow or the cave a little wider, it wouldn't be so bad," he grumbled.

"It would be nice if it had a rear exit, too," grinned his father. "While you're wishing, you might wish for that."

A fresh volley and renewed shower of stone chips removed his grin as chalk marks are erased from a blackboard. He leapt to his feet and sprang across the cave.

"Look out, idiot!" cried his dutiful son. "He might have got in a direct hit then."

"He's got Sally," said Humphrey quietly.

Lying behind her lover, she had made neither sound nor sign. Only the sudden, complete relaxation of her blanket-covered body had warned the observant Mr. Heflin that something was wrong. They tore the blanket off. She lay quite still, prostrate and pale, her eyes closed, and from her temple a little stream of red ran down and mingled with the vivid flame of her hair. The protruding end of an inch-long, knife-shaped sliver of rock told what had happened.

"He's got Sally," repeated her lover dully. "Sally!"

He knelt beside her.

"Sally!" he called again. "Sally darling!" And touched the white cheek tenderly.

"Get hold of yourself!" snapped his father. "She isn't gone yet."

"I thought . . . she's so white."

"The wound is still bleeding. She's only unconscious."

He bent over her and made examination. "There ought to be a clean handkerchief left in that suitcase you brought me. Get it. And yank that last water can over here before he punctures it, too."

He washed the wound and staunched the steady flow of blood as best he could. Pete took up his pistol.

"That won't do any good," said his father. "You can't reach him from here and it will spoil all her chances if she comes to and finds you done for. Besides . . ." He was silent a minute, listening. "He must be running out of ammunition. Hasn't fired for five minutes."

Absorbed in the girl, neither of them had noticed the cessation of hostilities. But now Humphrey dimly recalled that the flecks of flying stone had ceased bothering him about the time they were bending over Sally.

Pete began to belly-flop it toward the entrance, wriggling snake-like.

"Probably it's just a ruse to draw you," suggested his father.

"Well, I'm being careful, ain't I?" snapped his son. "I want to . . ." And cut his sentence short.

He gave a whoop of joy and stood up.

"Ginger! Doc Burke, too, bless him! And Shorty! There's a half dozen of 'em sidling up on him."

Behind them, Sally stirred and tried to sit up.

"Is he gone?" she asked.

Hurriedly, Pete returned to her. "Lie down, dearest. Be careful. No, he's not gone. But they've got him. Ginger's posse is there. How do you feel?"

"A little dizzy, but I'm all right. Tell me what's happening over there."

On the other side of the canyon lay Gil Ward in very bad case indeed. He had chosen as a stand for his operations against the three in the cave, a spot on the very edge of the cliff, protected in front of him by a rise of rock. Behind him the ground sloped away, leaving his rear entirely unguarded. The woods where Sally had stood that afternoon offered excellent covering to the posse that was closing upon him. The two men who watched from the cave entrance could catch only an occasional glimpse of its different members as they advanced from tree to tree.

"He's asking him to surrender," said Pete bitterly, as Ginger stepped into view. "Why can't I be there?"

The squat, dark figure on the edge of the cliff threw up his rifle and fired. Ginger Scullion withdrew precipitously to shelter. There was a shot from another member of the posse and Ward's rifle dropped.

"Got him in the arm," Pete stated with satisfaction. "That'll be that, I guess."

So the sheriff's men evidently thought. They began to move forward, guns held menacingly in front of them. Gil Ward rose slowly to his feet and stood facing them, his dyed black hair shining in the sun, his light gray eyes narrowed, cold and blank as the snake he emulated. Then, still facing his enemies, he deliberately stepped backward.

Twisting and turning, his body fell. For a moment it seemed to writhe on the rocks below and then lay still, a crumpled black speck, unidentifiable amongst the rubbish of the gulley's wash four hundred feet below.

Pete went back into the cave. A little color had come into Sally's cheeks and she was sitting up, supporting herself against the wall.

"Is it all right?" she asked eagerly. Since the shooting had entirely ceased, she believed that Ginger's men must have taken their prisoner.

Pete looked from the blood-stained face of the girl he loved to his father whose hands and face were streaked with blood from many minor wounds. Ginger would be over shortly to haul them up from the cave and Doctor Burke was with him to tend Sally's injuries. They were safe. The horror was lifted from them; and the dread. Across the canyon, a streak of dazzling light showed where the sun played along the steel barrel of an ownerless rifle.

"Everything is all right," he said with conviction, and took her into his arms.

THE END.

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BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

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By Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

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Now about Question 3—"Is your soap pure enough for a baby's skin?" Well, you'll be able to write "yes" to that question when you change to Ivory, the pure baby soap!

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IVORY SOAP

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By a "Gunman's Moll"

(Continued from Double Page)

and the car-renting places were all closed. John happened to have the key to the taxi of poor old Adam, which solved their problem.

Let me call attention again to that poor chump as a warning to persons silly enough to think they can flirt around the edges of gangdom and play safe. It is almost impossible. If you don't get sent up, like Adam, you will probably be blackmailed by some of the crooks whom you think are such interesting characters until they threaten to tell some things that you would never be able to explain. If you don't pay you will probably be kidnaped till your friends and family pay. When you have been released you will be mysteriously silent and unwilling for the police to do anything, as most kidnaping victims are, and for the same reason. You can't stand being investigated.

Dumping the still helpless Steve into Adam's car, the other two drove out to the Long Island Motor Parkway, stopping once for coffee and doughnuts at a lunch room. According to their story, Steve began sobering up and growing quarrelsome. Near Hicksville he insisted on getting out of the car for some reason, and Freddy stepped out with him while Harold remained in the car. According to Freddy's testimony at the trial, Sweeney hit Freddy and he saw a revolver in Sweeney's hand. Freddy pulled Steve's gun hand down and shot him three times. Then Handsome got out of the car and fired two more bullets into Steve's body. He said he wanted to share the blame for the shooting.

I was in jail when the other members of the mob were rounded up. First Adam, who owned the car, was arrested. He admitted that he had been present at the hold-up of James Healy's speakeasy at 81 West 101st street; that Sweeney was with him, and that I had sat in the car outside. Adam gave them the address of our flat up in Harlem, but by this time the bunch had taken alarm and had moved to a new flat over in Brooklyn. Then the police received an anonymous letter which stated that the leaders of the speakeasy hold-up gang could be found in 57th street, Brooklyn, living with a one-armed man.

The police walked up and down 57th street until they found a one-armed man, and he took them to his flat, where they found my brothers, John and Joseph, and John's wife, June. The police lay in wait until Freddy blew in and then pinched him, too. Then my brothers decided to come clean, and they took the officers to a furnished room in 57th street, where "Handsome" Harold McCormick and two other members of the gang were arrested. A few other outsiders who sometimes helped the boys or attended their poker sessions were picked up here and there.

Freddy Schoenhardt was the first one to break down and confess.

The trial lasted more than a week, as a great many witnesses were examined. Most of these merely identified one person or another. One of the great puzzles of the murder was Handsome's motive in also shooting Steve Sweeney after he was down and probably already dead. He had not been called yellow by Steve, and why he joined Freddy in "bumping off" Steve seemed a puzzle to everyone. My own explanation is that Handsome, who was only 17, wanted to be considered a "big shot" in the underworld, and thought he would get this reputation if he took part in the execution of Sweeney.

The jury, after considering the case for eight hours, reported a hopeless disagreement, and was discharged shortly after midnight. It was reported that they stood eight to four for acquittal, although both Freddy and Harold admitted the cold-blooded shooting of Sweeney. Their attorneys, however, made a very good case out of their self-defense plea. Both swore Steve drew his gun first. They also both swore that they had not started out with the intention of taking Steve "for a ride." They stuck to their story that they were on their way to Montauk Point to hi-jack a liquor truck. I had to admit that I had not thought they were really going to take Steve "for a ride" that morning or I would have telephoned Mickey or John to stop them, and so some of the jurymen did not know what to think and the jury disagreed.

Back to jail to await a new trial went Freddy and Handsome, and, alas, also went I and all the other material witnesses. That is another unpleasant feature of hanging around criminals, even if you do not actually commit crime. You are quite likely to spend long weeks in jail as a material witness. Being confined as a material witness is not supposed to carry any imputation against one's character. But, as a matter of fact, it never happens to really solid, substantial, respectable citizens. For convenience the cops divide all people into just two classes—those that are all right and those that are not.

In case of a sudden crime, like a shooting, the police are likely to grab most anyone in sight and may at first have suspicions against an entirely innocent person. But he need not worry. If he answers all questions promptly, hides nothing and tells no lies, the cops will check up on his statements and let him go.

After long, weary days we material witnesses were told one morning we would all be turned loose. The attorneys for Freddy and Handsome had agreed with the District Attorney's office for the boys to plead guilty to second degree murder, which saved them from the possibility of the electric chair and got them a sentence of seven to fifteen years in Sing Sing. If they can work on the Parole Board they ought to be out again soon. If so, will they fulfill the duty of the underworld toward a squealer and take me "for a ride"? I have kept away from gangdom and gone straight ever since they let me out, and I always shall, but it is something to think about all the rest of my life.

Being detained in jail awaiting trial is called "out in the country." If you "beat the rap" and are turned loose, and your friends ask you where you've been, you say, "I've been to the country." In the case of a girl or woman, you have been to a "finishing school." "Finishing school" is also often applied to any institution in which the young girl is sent. The idea is that a young girl picked up on some minor charge is sent to a place where she talks with older and hardened women and learns more about crime than she ever knew before. So she has been to "finishing school."

There were five of us girls held as material witnesses in the Mineola jail. We were there for nearly four months. At first I thought it was terrible to be locked up, and I cried myself to sleep every night, but later I got more used to it.

While I was held behind the bars, something happened which made me almost thankful I was there. I knew perfectly well what the penalty is for anyone in the underworld who "squeals"—tells the police or goes into court and testifies against a criminal. One day I read in the paper of the finding of the body of Vivian Gordon behind the bushes in Van Cortlandt Park. We all knew why she had been murdered. The underworld had found out that she made an appointment to tell the Seabury Investigating Committee some secrets. And the hand of death worked quickly to seal her lips. I then realized that, as long as I was behind the bars, I would be safe from a fate like Vivian Gordon's.

We girls were kept separated from the rest of the women prisoners and had no contact with them at all. We had a separate corridor all to ourselves. Each girl had a cell of her own, but in the daytime the doors to the cells were open and we could walk up and down the corridors and visit each other. In the rear wasra large washroom, and in the front was the matron's room. There was a matron on duty all the time. We were warned not to discuss any angle of the murder case. One of the matrons was always within earshot, and we girls did not have much chance to talk over things.

There was June Murray, wife of my oldest brother John; Florence Spiraco, wife of one of the Spiraco brothers (also held as witnesses), and there was Myrtle Henrietta Gordon, who, as far as I know, didn't have a thing to do with the case, but was held because she had been the roommate of my sister Stella.

There was also another girl, Peggy Sennay. She was the wife of a sailor in the United States Navy. It seems that a day or two after Freddy and Harold bumped off Sweeney they got scared and gave one of the murder guns to Paul Sennay, who was just about to sail on the U. S. S. Richmond for Cuba and Central America. Not knowing what it was all about, Sennay good-naturedly took the gun with him. When he got to the Panama Canal he read about Steve's murder and cabled the Secretary of the Navy that he probably had one of the guns used in the shooting. He was promptly brought back to New York City on the United States destroyer Henderson. For his helpfulness he was locked up in the Mineola jail and held as a material witness. So was his poor wife Peggy, who didn't know a thing about any of this. The pistol was put in evidence at the trial. The other gun carried by the boys that night was thrown into the Harlem River and never recovered. Of course, it was too bad about Paul and his wife, but that is what a person must expect for paling around with the underworld.

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"Good-bye. This is your last meal."

Remembering all the trouble they had made, the boys thought this meant that the cook had poisoned the food, and so they all went to bed with empty stomachs. I am glad that poor, abused cook got one good laugh out of us.

The End.

Why Spend Dollars For Dyeing? Use Tintex and Save!

Professional Results are Easy, Quick and Inexpensive!

Tintex has taken all uncertainty out of home dyeing!

A few cents worth of Tintex and a few minutes are all you need to do dyeing or tinting equal to the work of expensive professionals.

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—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Grey Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old dark color from any material so it can be dyed a new light color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

At all drug and notion counters 15¢

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES

Arm Or Leg Hair Now Easy To Really Get Rid Of

Utterly Without the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth

By a total lack of stubble, you can feel the difference between this and old ways

Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is viewed amazingly

A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.

A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to the razor and less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left as soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents. ZIRA

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

Use Eggs in Every Course

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE egg must have been the original sanitary - wrapped package! No germ, no moisture, practically no poison can enter that impervious calcium cover which protects all the elements necessary to make a perfect chick.

Boston likes them brown, New York prefers them white, but eggs is eggs, anyway you take them, and the color of the shell makes no whit of difference in the egg's flavor, nourishment or texture.

Naturally, since it can produce at will an adorable, feathery chick, almost by magic, the egg must contain concentrated food value and does. Looked at from one angle, any egg is a whole chicken—white meat, dark meat, blood, bones and skin, so that we can truly say "eggs is meat."

Dietetically speaking, eggs have "IT"—meaning those personality compounds which make life worth living, such as Vitamin D, the "sunshine vitamin" which is found in its yolk, and in other orange-colored foods; Vitamins A and B, and the important food minerals: calcium, iron, and phosphorus.

Eggs take on increased importance in the menu from now on because they so adequately replace the richer and heavier Winter meats of which the appetite has begun to cloy; and because of their adaptability and infinite variety in varying every course of every meal.

Quite literally, from soup to nuts, eggs may be introduced into some part of the meal, beginning with the first course of appetizer or soup, eggs can do much to vary appearance and introduce new texture. Many dainty canapes, or zestful snacks to precede the main meal can be tricked out with eggs sliced, or crumbled, or mashed into a paste and blended with flavored butters; for soup accessories use egg-balls, or hard eggs pressed through a coarse seive, or whip two beaten yolks well into a clear soup just before it is served and duplicate that unusual soup texture which the Chinese give to their chicken noodle soup.

For the entree course of the formal meal, or, better yet, the chief dish of the informal luncheon or supper, there are as many recipes as there are eggs in a crate. In general, the average family conception of eggs is limited to soft-boiled, poached or hard-cooked. The entree type of egg dish utilizes zestful tomato, cheese and vegetable sauces. It is often baked in the oven in attractive individual dishes, such as the cocotte and the ramekin dish, or in the larger special shirring dish better known in England and abroad.

As the season advances and brings new vegetables into the market, eggs may be combined with vegetables in delicious hot-plates, which, however, bear small resemblance to the usual vegetable plate. In this form we may combine the leafy greener vegetables with poached or coddled eggs or with hard eggs in a single casserole. One especially delicious combination is eggs, asparagus, new onions and a snappy cheese sauce, grilled on buttered toast.

There were five of us girls held as material witnesses in the Mineola jail. We were there for nearly four months. At first I thought it was terrible to be locked up, and I cried myself to sleep every night, but later I got more used to it.

While I was held behind the bars, something happened which made me almost thankful I was there. I knew perfectly well what the penalty is for anyone in the underworld who "squeals"—tells the police or goes into court and testifies against a criminal. One day I read in the paper of the finding of the body of Vivian Gordon behind the bushes in Van Cortlandt Park. We all knew why she had been murdered. The underworld had found out that she made an appointment to tell the Seabury Investigating Committee some secrets. And the hand of death worked quickly to seal her lips. I then realized that, as long as I was behind the bars, I would be safe from a fate like Vivian Gordon's.

We girls were kept separated from the rest of the women prisoners and had no contact with them at all. We had a separate corridor all to ourselves. Each girl had a cell of her own, but in the daytime the doors to the cells were open and we could walk up and down the corridors and visit each other. In the rear was a large washroom, and in the front was the matron's room. There was a matron on duty all the time. We were warned not to discuss any angle of the murder case. One of the matrons was always within earshot, and we girls did not have much chance to talk over things.

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The End.

Don't Let Gray Hair Worry You Before 60.

Now simply brushing hair ends greyness so perfectly no one will suspect you ever had a grey hair.

Don't let gray hair, or hair streaked with gray, ruin your business or social career because it makes people think you are "too old." You can now end this handicap easily, quickly and inexpensively *right at home.* And the results will be so perfect that no one will suspect you have done a thing to your hair . . . just sprinkle a few drops of KOLOR-BAK on your hairbrush for a few mornings, and brush your hair as usual. This wonderful, *colorless* liquid will cause your gray hairs to disappear like magic. A new youth-like color will be imparted to those ugly gray hairs. And as your hair becomes youth-like in color you will look years younger, far more attractive . . . Obtain KOLOR-BAK at all drug and department stores, and refuse substitutes offered as "just as good." KOLOR-BAK is the most natural way known to end gray hair. Leaves the hair soft and lustrous.

Send for FREE Sample

UNITED REMEDIES, Inc., Dept. 46-A,
305 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send at once FREE sample of Kolor-Bak.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

WHYTE-FOX
Hair Oil Tonic and Dressing

A NEW Creation for Dry and Unruly Hair. Enables you to dress it in any desired style with quick and remarkable results, giving you Lustrous and Beautiful Hair. Is not greasy, gummy or sticky. Delightfully perfumed—essential oil direct from France. It is harmless and stainless for both adults and children.

FOR DANDRUFF
USE LUCKY TIGER
Highly germicidal. Safe and sane for adults and children. A single application stops that miserable itching. Delightful to use—will not discolor hair or scalp. Used by millions.
Fully Guaranteed

MERCOLIZED WAX

Brings Out the Hidden Beauty

There is beauty hidden in every woman's face that Mercolized Wax will reveal. Mercolised Wax can make any complexion young and beautiful. The Wax melts into the pores and gently lifts off the aged and blemished surface skin that hides your true beauty. It clears away all such defects as freckles, tan and pimples. Mercolised Wax brings out the youthful, smooth, white underskin aglow with new life and beauty.

Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily as an astringent.

KILLS ROACHES

Peterman's Roach Food lures roaches from their nests. They eat it. Then crawl back into their nests to die. Kills the eggs and young, too. Effective 24 hours a day. No odor. Safe. Sure. Inexpensive. Guaranteed. 500,000 cans sold last year. At your druggist's.

PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help you solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly

Advertisement.

Save the Hair You Still Have

Free Book Tells How

Thousands of men who are bald today could have saved their hair. Thousands more who are becoming bald can still prevent it if they will follow the information given here.

Baldness is caused by many factors. Sickness, nervousness, excessive dandruff, poor blood circulation are a few. But there is no reason to lose hope if the hair roots are not dead.

The hair roots are fed and nourished by the blood. Therefore all that is necessary is a sufficient supply of blood to the scalp. This is best accomplished by an ANTISEPTIC counter-irritant such as JAPANESE OIL.

Thousands of men and women are using JAPANESE OIL with marvelous success. They simply rub the Oil into their scalps every night until it has been absorbed. After a few applications they notice a marked improvement. All dandruff and accumulations that choke the scalp disappear—itching stops, the scalp feels clean and invigorated.

Then the applications are continued. Falling hair stops, and if the hair roots are not dead, new hair will probably appear on the thin and bald spots, generally in 30 to 90 days.

Hundreds of users have sent grateful letters telling how JAPANESE OIL has helped them. Six of these letters are printed here.

Mr. D. Mallory, Geer, Va., writes: "My hair came out in patches and I was totally bald in spots. I used 3 bottles of Japanese Oil. It not only stopped my hair from falling but grew new hair on the bald areas."

Mr. A. S. Rosen, 153 E. 30th Street, New York City, writes: "I used 3 bald spots the size of a half dollar. I used Japanese Oil for 2 months and now my bald spots are entirely covered with hair."

Mr. W. E. Andrews, Franklin, Pa., writes: "I used 3 bottles of Japanese Oil and succeeded in growing hair one inch long on my bald spots."

Mr. R. E. Proctor, Cisco, W. Va., writes: "I was partly bald for ten years. Recently, I used 2 bottles of Japanese Oil and now have hair 3 inches long on bald spots."

Mrs. W. A. Blackburn, E. Providence, R. I., writes: "I was always troubled with a dry, itching scalp. I tried Japanese Oil and after two weeks I was no longer troubled with that dreadful scalp itch."

Mr. H. Doucette, 1009 E. 45th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Send me a bottle of Japanese Oil. I find there is nothing to compare to it for removing dandruff."

Try JAPANESE OIL, the ANTISEPTIC Hairdressing. You have nothing to lose, everything to gain. Get the large $1 bottle at any drug store. For FREE booklet, "The Truth About the Hair," write National Remedy Co., 56 W. 45th St., New York.

WELL BALANCED SKIN TREATMENT

For Daily Care of the Skin

The Soap thoroughly cleanses and at the same time protects the skin, the Ointment heals that unexpected pimple, rash or skin irritation.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.

Try Cuticura Shaving Cream.

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"It's a Dog's Life!"

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Without "SKIP-FLEA" SOAP and POWDER

FLEAS carry worm eggs that may infest your dog with worms. You can positively free your dog of fleas with either "Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap" or "Skip-Flea Powder."

"Sergeant's Skip-Flea Soap" not only kills fleas, but also keeps your dog's skin and coat in fine condition. After bathing him, dust his coat with "Skip-Flea Powder." Fleas will stay away. These products also kill ticks and lice.

A Famous "Dog Book" Free

Learn how to care for your dog . . . How to diagnose and treat his ailments . . . How to feed and bathe him properly. Write today for your FREE copy of "Sergeant's Dog Book." Contains a "Symptom Chart" that diagnoses dog diseases at a glance. 48 pages, fully illustrated. Information that every dog owner needs. Write for your copy. It may save your dog's life. It's FREE. Our veterinarian will gladly advise you personally about your dog's health. Write him fully. There is no charge.

FEED YOUR DOG ON "SERGEANT'S DOG FOOD"—the complete ration containing the FRESH BEEF your dog must have for health.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
2007 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT

"Klutch" Holds
FALSE TEETH
Tight—all day

"Klutch" forms a comfort cushion; holds the plate so snug they can't rock, drop, chafe or be pushed out, and not a speck can get under them. *You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't endure loose plates another day. "Klutch" will end your troubles. Get at druggists! If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he does not, don't waste money on substitutes but write us for a box. Use 30 days, then, if satisfied, send us 60 cents. If not, don't pay a cent.

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EARN MONEY AT HOME

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FRECKLES

were the bane of my life—until I got rid of them by using
DR. BERRY'S FRECKLE OINTMENT

YOU CAN TOO! Freckles just naturally fade out with the application of this SAFE freckle removing cream. Also beautifies the complexion. Sold for 10 years. satisfaction guaranteed. Two sizes, 60c and $1.25. At your druggist or order direct.
FOR H. BERRY CO., Dept. AW 6, 1915 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

YOU are reading one of the 3,500,000 copies of this issue of The American Weekly, the world's greatest magazine.

The Callater Treasure

By Roy Vickers

(Continued from Page 19)

the growing crowd of sightseers.

It was on the whole a very quiet crowd—because it was a disappointed crowd. Callater, the most bare-faced swindler of modern times, the man of whom the public expected a sensational, flamboyant cleverness, had made a singularly unclever attempt to escape from prison.

True, there had been a little of the old flamboyance in the masked men with revolvers. But it had all fizzled out—foredoomed to failure. And now the man was behaving like a sulky villiage idiot.

The crowd, in short, was really waiting for the moment when Callater, overcome with physical fatigue, would have to come down and be dragged ignominiously back to prison.

But most of them grew tired of waiting and drove away. The afternoon wore on without the smallest incident to break the monotony except the changing of the warders on guard at the foot of the tree.

It was six o'clock precisely when the fugitive surrendered.

The surrender took the form of a bellowing shout from the tree top.

"Mind your heads down there!"

The next moment something swished through the air and flapped against the tree trunk. It was a rope-ladder.

"Stand by!" ordered Stedder, who had, by request, remained on duty. "His pal may have given him a gun."

The rope ladder creaked under its load and the four warders levelled their carbines.

"My word! It's not Callater!" cried Stedder.

"You're a couple o' hundred miles out if you're looking for Callater," said Evans, the one-time game-keeper as he reached the ground and stretched himself. "He's in London—slipped through as soon as the police was called off on account of me bein' up this here tree, you thinkin' it was him."

"You'll get quod yourself for this."

"And don't you wish you had my job," retorted Evans. "A couple o' years in quod—and a rich man for the rest o' my life. What's your pension, cocky? Just about as much as I'll pay to my parlor-maid, I reckon."

Half an hour later Evans was sitting contentedly in a cell in Tavistock. The moorland in the neighborhood of the wood, that had recently been the scene of so much excitement, was now deserted—except for a desolate young man in tweeds with a very unconvincing fishing rod.

Eddie stood on the mound near the skimpy wood and looked about him. Certain that there was no one in sight, he descended into the furze-grown hollow and threaded his way through the furze to the iron trap that lyingly bore the insignia of the Devon County Council. He tapped on the iron trap. Tapped again. And again.

For five minutes or more he waited. Then with sudden resolution he raised the double trap and descended the iron ladder.

He stood in the chamber with its concrete floor, ventilated and dimly lighted by daylight that filtered through ground glass.

"Mr. Callater!"

He knew that Callater must be there—knew that he must have been taken ill, or he would have come out as soon as he received the signal that the cordon had been withdrawn.

"Mr. Callater."

His eyes had adjusted themselves now to the gloom. He saw Callater lying on the floor, still in his prison clothes.

He stooped in order to pick Callater up—then drew back with a gasp. There was something horrible on his hand.

Congealed blood.

He knew that Callater was dead—knew how Callater had died before he actually saw the hilt of the dagger that protruded between the shoulder blades.

Eddis was quite cool-headed as he stared down at the corpse. A corpse, as such, did not move him.

"It's ridiculous!" he muttered. He laughed shrilly and bit off the laugh so suddenly that he startled himself. "Getting nervy!"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit.	Fruit.	Fruit.	Stewed	Berries.	Fruit.	Fruit.
Hot	Soft	Creamed	Figs.	Favorite	Scrambled	Raw Potato
Cereal.	Cooked	Frizzled	Fluffy	Cereal.	Eggs with	Pancakes.
French	Eggs.	Beef.	Omelette.	German	Bacon Curls.	Bacon.
Toast.	Rolls.	Muffins.	Toast.	Toast.	Muffins.	Muffins.
Apple	Bacon.	Coffee.	Marmalade.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Marmalade.
Butter.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Coffee.
Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Pajaant	*Luncheon*	Stuffed	Grapefruit	*Dinner*
Luncheon	Vegetable	Egg Salad.	Stuffed	Fruit	Cocktail.	Fruit Cup.
Corned	Soup.	Bread and	Fruit	Salad.	Broccoli	Chicken
Beef	Golden	Butter	Salad.	Lettuce	on Toast	Fricassee with
Hash	Corn	Sandwiches.	Macaroni	Sandwiches.	Rounds.	Paprika
au Gratin.	Bread.	Sliced	and	Date Bars.	Sour Cream	Biscuits.
Shredded	Apple	Pineapple.	Cheese.	Iced Tea.	Cookies	Onions.
Cabbage	Tart.	Cup Cakes.	Fruit	*Dinner*	(Left-Over	Endive Salad.
Salad.	Iced Punch.	*Dinner*	Salad.	Fried	Cream).	Dessert.
Peach	*Dinner*	Stuffed Beef	Rolls.	Halibut	Chocolate	Coffee.
Delight.	Spokane	Heart	Tea or	Steak with	Cornstarch.	*Supper*
Cookies.	Chops.	(Raisin	Iced	Tomato	*Dinner*	*(Company)*
Tea.	Baked	Stuffing).	Punch.	Sauce.	Spanish	Crab Meat
Dinner	Potatoes.	Potatoes or	*Dinner*	Buttered	Liver.	Salad.
Tomato Pot	Baked Tomato	Spaghetti.	Ham	Peas.	Steamed	Cooked
Roast	and Onions.	Sauted	Hawaiian.	Paprika	Rice.	Dressing.
and Noodles.	Waldorf	Egg Plant.	Stuffed	Riced	Buttered	Chives
Buttered	Salad.	Watercress	Cucumber	Potatoes.	Spinach.	Sandwiches.
Carrots.	Toasted	Salad with	Salad.	Bouquet	Apple	Ice Box
Dandelion	Crackers.	Scallions.	Apricot	Salad.	Sauce.	Rolls.
Salad.	Roquefort	Favorite	Tapioca.	Lemon	Marshmallow	Cream
Peach Delight.	Cheese.	Fruit.	Cookies.	Pudding.	Gingerbread.	Cup Cakes.
			Cups			
			Coffee.			

American Weekly Patterns

CHILD'S ROMPERS (7467). Designed in 8 sizes: 6 months, 1 and 2 years. A 1-year size requires 1½ yards of material 36 inches wide, together with ⅝ yard of contrasting material.

GIRL'S SLIP (7583). Designed in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 35-inch material. To trim requires 3½ yards of edging and 4½ yards of bias binding 1½ inches wide. Bow of ribbon requires ⅝ yard.

A CHARMING MODEL FOR THE JUNIOR (7483). Designed in 4 sizes: 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 15 will require 3¾ yards of 35-inch material. Contrasting material will require ⅝ yard 39 inches wide. The belt to be cut crosswise and the bow and bands bias.

A NEAT MORNING FROCK (7569). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3¾ yards of printed material and ⅞ yard of plain material 36 inches wide. Also 5⅝ yards of piping or bias binding.

A STYLISH AND SEASONABLE DRESS (7565). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3¾ yards of 35-inch printed material and 1⅞ yards of plain 35-inch material if made as shown in the large view. If made with long sleeves on the bolero, 3⅝ yards of the printed material will be required.

A DAINTY FROCK FOR SCHOOL OR HOME (7578). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 2¾ yards of 39-inch material. Without collar, 2 yards will be required. The sash of ribbon will require 2½ yards.

A SIMPLE LITTLE FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL (7582). Designed in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. Size 2 will require 1⅞ yards of 39-inch material, 3 yards of lace edging and 1¼ yards of ribbon for the bow.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail, with 25 cents in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES), to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS, 11 STERLING PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS, 11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. BARGAIN DAY. TWO PATTERNS FOR 25 CENTS OR 15 CENTS EACH.

7583.....Years	7569.....Bust
7467.....Years	7565.....Bust
7483.....Years	7578.....Years
7582.....Years	

Name .....

St. & No. .....

City & State .....

Send 10 cents in coin for our SUMMER BOOK OF FASHIONS, containing designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also Hints to the Home Dressmaker.

RUTH'S TRUE STORY

GOODNESS! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE REFUSING DOTTIE'S INVITATION FOR THE WEEK-END?
OH! I COULDN'T GO WITH MY MISERABLE FADED OLD UNDIES—AND I CAN'T AFFORD NEW ONES—
DO LIKE I DO, RUTH—USE NEW INSTANT RIT—LOOK THERE! DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING DISSOLVE SO QUICK AND COMPLETELY?-
AND YOU MEAN YOU CAN TINT THINGS JUST BY DIPPING WITHOUT RUBBING? WHY IT'S MAGIC!—
HURRAH! I CAN GO TO DOT'S AFTER ALL—I WISH I HAD KNOWN ABOUT RIT BEFORE—DO YOU USE IT A LOT?—
GRACIOUS, YES! FOR STOCKINGS, DRESSES, CURTAINS—EVERYTHING!-
HONESTLY, YOU TOO SHOULD KNOW HOW MUCH MONEY RIT TINTS WILL SAVE YOU! YOU CAN COUNT ON PERFECT RESULTS, ALWAYS. FOR TINTING AND DYEING WITH RIT IS SO SAFE, SURE AND EASY! AND THEN, REMEMBER WHITE RIT REMOVES ALL COLORS LIKE MAGIC!
WHITE RIT Color Remover
Takes Old Color Out
INSTANT RIT
Dissolves in seconds
Puts New Color In
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"This refrigerator actually smells"
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